

Alphys' Bad School Day

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8284438) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8284438>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Undertale (Video Game)
Relationship:	Burgerpants/Catty , Alphys/Asgore Dreemurr/Undyne , Sans & Toriel (Undertale) , Asgore Dreemurr & Toriel
Character:	Asgore Dreemurr , Alphys (Undertale) , Undyne (Undertale) , Muffet (Undertale) , Temmie (Undertale) , Sans (Undertale) , Papyrus (Undertale) , Burgerpants (Undertale) , Catty (Undertale) , Toriel (Undertale) , Asriel Dreemurr , W. D. Gaster , Amalgamates (Undertale) , Mettaton (Undertale) , Gerson (Undertale) , Frisk (Undertale)
Additional Tags:	Middle School , Virtual Reality , School , Basketball , Meme , Pre-Undertale , Pacifist Route , Undertale References , Ecto-Penis (Undertale) , Pre-Undertale , Hotland (Undertale) , Undertale Spoilers , Undertail , Weirdness , Violence , Child Abuse , Gang Rape , Mind Control , Giantess - Freeform , Fanfiction , Video & Computer Games , Trolling , Relationship(s) , Romance , Comedy , Romantic Comedy , Dark Comedy , Slapstick , Vore , Endosomatophilia , Brain Damage , donald trump - Freeform , Hillary Clinton - Freeform , Insanity , Randomness , Pirates , Shrinking , Babies , Marriage , Mind Rape , YODELING , Lizards , Goats , Anthropomorphic , Cat/Human Hybrids , Cooking , Homestuck , References , Burgers - Freeform , Psychological Torture , Hacking , Brainwashing , Spaghetti , Volcanoes , puns , Skeletons , Adorkable , Glasses , Foot Fetish , Breastfeeding , Blushing , Girl Power , Public Humiliation , Tentacle Rape , Pedophilia , Betrayal , Kissing , Blood Drinking , Drowning , Heart-to-Heart
Collections:	Undertale 18+ , Interspecies , Favorite Undertale Writings , Focus on Female Characters , Needs More Dinosaurs! , Made me laugh , Romance Fanfics , Undertale , Undertale NSFW
Stats:	Published: 2016-10-15 Chapters: 8/8 Words: 23856

Alphys' Bad School Day

by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

In quite possibly the funniest (and, in a lot of ways, the craziest) fanfic to hit the Undertale fandom yet, Alphys goes through her first day of middle school and meets all of her incredibly colorful new friends...

which sounds like an incredibly boring and mundane idea for a fanfic, until you actually READ all of the crazy shit that ends up happening at nothing short of lightning-fast pace in the process!

I'm not even going to spoil the things that end up happening here; just read them for yourself. (Well, okay, perhaps I WILL spoil that one part with Alphys and Mettaton playing

the electoral roles of Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump...)

Chapter 1

ALPHYS GETS SCHOOLED

One delightfully sunny morning in the middle of Tokyo itself, Alphys and Undyne were having the time of their lives clobbering each other in giant anthropomorphic mechs shaped like themselves while a massive crowd of onlookers gathered up in a circle around them and gawked in dumbfounded astonishment.

"Alphys, WHY are we doing this to each other?! For Neptune's sake, I thought we fricking LOVED each other!" Undyne cried as Alphys spun around and slapped her right in the giant robot chest with her giant robot tail, sending the poor fish girl toppling head-over-heels onto the ground while Alphys lifted up her giant robot foot and pressed it down on top of her.

"You STILL don't realize the true MEANING of FRIENDSHIP, do you? Well, I'm gonna show YOU, Undyne!" Alphys growled as Undyne sprung back up onto her own giant robot feet, threw Alphys off of herself and began hurling laser spears at her in a fit of furious anger.

"I'll slap you across the face this way with my RIGHT hand, and slap you across the face the other way with my LEFT!" Alphys laughed as she bobbed and weaved through the onslaught of projectiles and then proceeded to literally do exactly what she was describing, sending Undyne reeling backward dizzily as Alphys pulled out a popato chisp bag from her cockpit's glove compartment and cracked it open.

"I'll take a POPATO chisp...AND! EAT IT!" Alphys laughed evilly as she melodramatically pulled a chip out of the bag, lifted it up to her mouth and ate it, sending a myriad of sparkling, fatty shards flying everywhere as Undyne lunged forward and tackled her flat onto the ground!

"Why'd you DO it, Undyne? Why did you have to steal my freaking LUNCH money?!" Alphys yelled angrily at Undyne as the two of them began rolling around on the ground together in fury, accidentally squashing several of the onlookers surrounding them.

"Oh god, they kill Satoru Iwata! BASTARDS!" several members of the audience screamed in unison while Alphys and Undyne got back up onto their giant robot feet yet again, activated their giant robot jetpacks and engaged in a massive flying cyclone fistfight with each other ala classic Dragon Ball Z, creating a violent tornado that tore right through several buildings.

"Because I freaking NEEDED it, Alphys! Because that goddamned Snickers ice-cream bar was just too unbelievably TEMPTING for me to resist!" Undyne cried as she and Alphys both pulled the outer portions of their chest armor wide open and began firing devastating nipple lasers at each other.

"Your mind is decieving you! LOOK INTO MY NIPPLES OF THE FUTURE AND SEE THE TRUTH!" Alphys roared in frustration as she and Undyne fired their laser beams in just such a way that they collided directly with each other and began clashing furiously with each other in a rainbow flash of yellow/blue (for Alphys/Undyne, respectively) neon colors and sparks that set the entire area around them completely and utterly ablaze, rife with the sounds of screaming civilians.

"GASP! HOW DARE YOU?!" Alphys gasped and shrieked in utterly disgusted shock as Undyne's mech knelt down onto its knees, extended out its long, pointy, snakelike tongue, gently grabbed Alphys' shoulders, and somewhat reluctantly began licking her giant robot tits as a display of outright shameless surrender, not to mention playfully mutual lesbian affection.

"OHH...OH, MY...OH, HOW I LOVE YOU SO!" Alphys threw her head back and moaned with transient pleasure as Undyne's mech began lovingly sucking and nibbling on her giant robot boobies until fountains of delicious crude oil began gushing in copious amounts from each firmly erect nipple. Shortly thereafter, the two robots then proceeded to french-kiss each other.

MEANWHILE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CAFETERIA AT MTT MIDDLE SCHOOL IN HOTLAND...

"Umm...w-we can explain!" Alphys and Undyne blushed embarrassedly, the former rebuttoning her lab coat and giggling awkwardly like the adorable little nerd she always was as literally everyone in the entire cafeteria gathered around them and stared at them in utter confusion.

"Hey, guys, wanna see my newly acquired BONE-er?" Sans shrugged and chuckled with a smugly smirking wink as everyone glared at him irritably.

"BOO, YOU FREAKING STINK!" Burgerpants yelled at Sans, dunking him right on the head with a loaded carton of chocolate milk and then more or less immediately proceeding to roll on the floor crying and laughing hysterically as it spilled all over his expensive, fancy, stain-proof jacket.

"Sans, you really do seriously need to rethink your life choices..." Papyrus sighed, facepalming himself in disappointment at his dejectedly sighing brother's only-natural-for-junior-high immaturity.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE HALLWAY...

"Okay, so uhh, let's see here...what was my locker combination again?" Undyne wondered to herself, pulling her recently slapped-together reminder card out from her jeans pocket and examining the incredibly non-complex series of numbers that she had written down on it.

"Alright, so...15...30...45!" Undyne laughed, feeling rather embarrassingly accomplished with herself as she cracked open the lock and unlocked her locker to find an incredibly cute, chubby and bespectacled little surprise hiding inside!

"PEEKABOO! TEE HEE HEE!" Alphys giggled as she tumbled out of Undyne's otherwise empty locker like Winnie The Pooh and landed right in the fish lady's open, loving arms.

"AWW, YOU'RE MAKING MY HEART MELT!" Undyne squealed, crying warm and salty tears of joy as she cradled Alphys in her arms like a fat little baby and smooched her right on the forehead.

"Man, for crying out loud, what in the actual hell is UP with those two?" Catty asked her current boyfriend, Burgerpants, as she and him both unloaded their supplies into their lockers and took out the things that they were going to need (in this case, pencils were all that they really needed, so that was all they took with them) just like how literally any normal student would.

"What do you mean, my sweet darling cupcake?" Burgerpants asked her teasingly as he stroked her hair, wrapped his arms around her gently, and lovingly smooched her on the cheek.

"I mean, like, seriously, why are they acting like literally no less than my absolute freaking yuri-shipping DREAM come true? Honestly, it's so fricking sweet that it just about makes me want to literally, like...hold on a second, I'm not feeling so good...BLEEEAAAUUUGGGH!" Catty gagged, leaned forward and threw up half of her entire homemade bacon-and-egg breakfast all over the floor in appalled disgust at how sickeningly adorable Alphys and Undyne were together.

"Don't worry, dear, I'll clean that up for you..." Burgerpants chuckled, getting down onto his hands and knees and servilely licking Catty's rancid, nasty puke right off the floor.

"Wow, these floors are so fricking clean that I daresay they're even arguably fit for a KING to eat off of!" Burgerpants gagged and snickered sarcastically as he stuck out his tongue and brushed the hairy, glittery dirt off of it with his fluffy, four-fingered mutant hands.

"AHM!" Gerson greeted him, with his hands planted firmly on his sides and his foot tapping impatiently on the floor as the rest of his new class filed into the room right next to them.

"Greetings, everyone; I am Gerson Shellbach, your new history teacher for the year." Gerson greeted his new students as they all filed systematically into their seats. From left to right, the arrangement was exactly as follows: Alphys and Undyne and Burgerpants in the front row, Temmie and Catty and Frisk in the middle row, and last but not least, Sans and Papyrus and Muffet in the back row.

"As a result of the recent brilliant-as-always work of our biology teacher Mr. WD Gaster, we've admittedly made a rather SHOCKING new development in the fields of both technology AND education!" Gerson melodramatically explained, jumping up onto his desk and gesturing excitedly with his hands.

"GAHHH!" Papyrus yelled in pain as Sans strapped on a joy buzzer and smugly shook his hand, literally shocking his poor brother and thus playing his own profoundly unfunny part in what was probably one of Gerson's corniest jokes yet. "For God's sake, SERIOUSLY, Sans?"

"Anyway..." Gerson chuckled, glaring smugly at Papyrus, "...this new experiment will hopefully bring a whole new meaning to the term THINKING CAP if I do say so myself!"

"Laddies and gentlemonsters, I present to you...WHATEVER THE HECK THIS NEWFANGLED TECHNO-BABBLE STUFF IS!" Gerson rambled like the senile old coot he was as he pulled out a massive box of virtual-reality helmets from underneath his desk and handed them out to everyone.

"Wow, I feel even more smarter ALREADY!" Papyrus laughed as he clumsily fumbled with the straps for his helmet while Sans just sighed irritably and levitated it onto the silly goof's head himself.

"Man, does this open up all kinds of incredibly smutty new shipping opportunities for BOTH of us, high chance of causing double vision and brain cancer notwithstanding!" Alphys and Undyne laughed, high-fiving each other and almost forgetting how incredibly dorky they both looked at the moment (in Alphys' case, she was wearing nerd goggles over her geek glasses).

"TEMY cAN couNt To POTaTO NOW!" Temmie squeaked with joy as she put on her helmet and immediately began performing acrobatic pirouettes off the walls in a hyperactive fit of excitement.

"ROWR..." Catty and Burgerpants looked at each other seductively(?) and growled hornily.

"The better to watch people EAT each other with, my dear!" Muffet cackled mischievously, licking her dainty little spider lips and rubbing her no-less-than-six hands together like a dirty, scheming fly as she used her new device to hop onto the World Wide Web and immediately begin searching for the nearest vore sites.

"..." Frisk replied, not quite knowing how they were supposed to respond to such a statement.

"Anyway, this thing that Gaster hasn't quite been able to come up with a suitably rhyming name for yet will basically relay all of the necessary academic information about each class period's topic of the day to you, and then you'll get to do it yourself!" Gerson explained, checking his watch and sighing as he realized that the helmets had already taken probably over half an entire minute to

load.

"So, uhh...how exactly does that WORK, so to speak?" Undyne raised her hand and asked curiously, cocking an eyebrow at him from behind her incredibly embarrassing new eyewear.

"You'll see..." Gerson sighed and shrugged, rolling his eyes at the very thought of someone like Gaster ever mistaking something like this for a good idea; this was clearly just yet another one of the mad scientist's trollishly elaborate, often more-than-ambiguously evil schemes.

"Okay, so, way back in the olden days of yore, pirates of all races, shapes and sizes sailed the vast aqueous seas of the Earth's surface, and...oh, for God's sake, you bunch of whippersnappers ain't even listening to anything I'm saying right now, are you?" Gerson sighed, drooping forward and facepalming himself in shame as the swashbuckling chaos began.

"SHIVER ME FINELY AGED OAKEN TIMBERS, SPAGHETTI MATE!" Papyrus, who was now wearing an incredibly stereotypical pirate costume with the hook, suit, eyepatch, jeans, skull hat and all (just like everyone else in the current simulation) gasped in surprise as he looked through his telescope and saw Sans' evil ghost ship approaching his honorable and civilized navy ship...that he clearly stole from the Navy, because really, what other options did he have?

(Papyrus, Undyne, Alphys and Burgerpants were on the navy ship; Sans, Frisk, Catty and Temmie were on the ghost one. Trust me, this was entirely a random coincidence. And so was the fact that the navy and ghost teams somehow just so happened to be color-coded specifically as red and blue, respectively.)

"ARRGH! For the love of Davy Jones himself, cap'n, WHO IN THE SEVEN BLASTED UNDERWATER HELLS ARE YOU FREAKING TALKING TO?!" Undyne yelled at him, smacking him upside the head with the back of her right hand as she brandished her spear with the other.

"Myself, as always..." Papyrus shrugged and sighed, tucking his telescope back into his pocket, drawing out his bone whip and standing heroically on the crow's nest of his ship as his gorgeous red cape blew gallantly in the wind...while not actually doing anything helpful whatsoever.

"Yo, a little HELP here?!" Burgerpants hastily climbed up the ladder of the mast and asked Papyrus urgently as the enemy ship drew ever closer to theirs.

"Undyne, if I die here, tell my mother I was a fat ugly harlequin!" Alphys asked Undyne, weeping and sobbing gently as the two of them lovingly hugged each other down in the cannon deck, taking turns burying their heads into each other's boobs as the enemy laughed at their tragic misfortune.

"Man, what a bunch of lily-livered JOKERS!" Sans laughed and cried hysterically, clutching his sides and rolling on the starboard floor in amusement while Temmie and Catty manned the cannons down below.

"Honestly, they make my Pacifist incarnation somehow look like even MORE of a badass than it already is!" Frisk chuckled, drawing out his cutlass and (further) narrowing his eyes in anticipation as the enemy fleet rapidly drew nearer and nearer.

"gEE, iT SuRE iS bORING aROUND heRe!" Temmie yawned boredly as she curled up and fell asleep atop the crow's nest, being completely useless and forgettable as always.

"CATTY?!" Sans yelled at the top of his nonexistent lungs so that Catty could hear him down below in the cannon deck, where she had already gotten busy loading up the cannons.

"YES?!" Catty yelled back with an incredibly overconfident smirk as the enemy fleet began loading up its own cannons in preparation for the upcoming battle of good(?) versus evil.

"FIRE AT WILL!" Sans commanded, drawing out his legendary revolver from its holster and firing it straight up into the air to signal that the battle had begun as the two ships immediately began firing upon each other, leaving very large and gaping holes in each other's woodwork as they fired cannonballs at each other with such force that they sometimes even managed to literally go all the way through the ship and come right out the other side.

"GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY, WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!" Papyrus screamed in terror and ran around frantically in circles while Undyne shot herself over onto the ghost ship with her grappling hook; meanwhile, Burgerpants and Alphys were busy with the cannons down below.

"Alphys, don't you worry about me, honey! I'll just stay behind and handle these cannons myself!" Burgerpants explained frantically and very worriedly to Alphys (who was now curled up into an adorable little ball), stroking her pudgy little Sonic quills as he stuffed her into the cannon with both hands and lit the fuse without even a second thought.

"IT SURE WAS AWFULLY NICE KNOWING YOUUU!" Alphys screamed in excitement as the cannon shot her right through one of the many holes that were already being left in the ghost ship's attacking side and directly into the cannon deck, where she ricocheted all over the room like a bouncy ball and hit Catty right in the face, sending her stumbling through yet another hole in the ship and causing her to fall overboard, right into the mouth of a hungry shark!

"HA...HA...YOU...FELL...DOWN..." Burgerpants grunted exhaustedly as he slowly but surely lugged the ship's ginormous catapult device up the stairs onto the main deck of the ship while Sans was busy having a weirdly matched spear-against-gun fight with his nemesis Undyne.

"All right, that's it, NO more Mr. Nice Skeleton!" Papyrus growled furiously, backing away just in time from the crumbling edge of his ship as the entire main deck began collapsing all around him. "Forget about a bad time, you little scallywags are going to have had one HELL of a time by the time I'm through with YOU!" Papyrus yelled valiantly, charging forward and leaping through the air as he twirled his bone-whip like a helicopter propeller, effectively gliding himself all the way over onto the almost equally falling-apart main deck of the ghost ship and landing with a fiercely stylish drop-kick directly to Sans' big bony head while Burgerpants catapulted himself right into the mast with very heavy and massive cannonball (with bowling-ball grips) in hands!

"TEmY nEver dIE!" Temmie squeaked at the top of her lungs, leaping from the crow's nest, sliding down the mast just as it was toppling over like a massive domino into the ocean and then immediately proceeding to viciously maul poor Burgerpants right in the face!

"For f\$& 's sake, THERE you are! FINALLY!" Burgerpants screamed in a mixture of both agonizing pain and unbridled rage as he and Temmie rolled around on the deck together, clawing and biting at each other's faces in an incredibly overglorified catfight while Frisk and Alphys were locked in mortal kutlass combat with each other near the ship's precarious plank.

"ADMIT it, Alphys, SUPERMAN IS STRONGER THAN FREAKING GOKU!" Frisk yelled furiously at Alphys, taking a fierce swing at her with his cutlass, which Alphys narrowly ducked under and countered with an even fiercer swing of her own cutlass directly into Frisk's, causing both swords to shatter into innumerable pieces while Papyrus was busy delfecting a myriad of legendary golden bullets from Sans' revolver with the propeller rotation of his whip.

"NEVER!" Alphys roared in a fit of seething nerd rage, shattering her glasses from her own sheer volume and annoyingly high pitch as Frisk snatched the remaining sword hilt from her hands, took

both of the broken hilts in both hands, and jabbed them forcefully into her eyes.

"MY EYEEES!" Alphys screamed in agony as she stumbled backward onto the plank, with Frisk literally right about to lunge forward and shove her right off the ship when all of a sudden...

"PSYCHE!" Alphys laughed, spinning around in a circle and tripping Frisk right off of the plank with her big pudgy lizard tail as he screamed for dear life and cursed her all the way down into the obligatory shark's hungry, razor-toothed, eagerly awaiting mouth.

"DIE, PAPYRUS!" Sans yelled furiously at Papyrus, reflecting Undyne's spear toss right back to her with his telekinetic powers and skewering her right through the head as he began launching a massive onslaught of bone-related magic attacks at his own skeletal pirate brother.

"How DARE you!" Sans yelled in frustration as he summoned a massive earthquake of bones straight Papyrus' way, sending him flying all the way over to the very back of the deck.

"Even FORGET!" Sans yelled in rapidly growing anger as he summoned a large swarm of heat-seeking bone projectiles and sent them flying directly into Papyrus, hitting him right in the back and sending him flying all the way back over to where he himself was standing.

"Who RAISED you!" Sans yelled lividly as he suplexed Papyrus back and forth using his telekinetic powers, leaving not one but TWO additional gaping holes in the deck while Burgerpants clawed his way into Temmie's chest, ripped out her heart and ate it.

"YOU!" Sans yelled furiously as he swung Papyrus around and around like Bowser in Super Mario 64 and flung him straight up into the air.

"STUPID BROTHER OF MINE!" Sans screamed in a fit of rage, teleporting all the way up to the peak of Papyrus' flight and punching him so hard that he shot right back down to the ground like a meteorite, leaving a cripplingly massive hole all the way through the center of the ship!

"Hm, tastes like chicken!" Burgerpants laughed, blood dribbling down his chin as he unceremoniously tossed Temmie's mangled corpse off the ship and fed it to the local sharks.

"OH, SWEET FOOT-LICKING CHRIST, THE SHIP IS SINKING! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO- GAAAAAHHHHHH!" Sans screamed as the ship was caught in mid-sink by the lowermost legs of the massive(ly intimidating) Little Miss Muffet, a massive, Kraken-sized spider-beast that, for some weirdly unexplained reason, lived in the ocean.

"Burgerpants, please hold me, I'm SCARED..." Alphys whimpered, wetting her pants and gazing in dumbfounded, jaw-dropped horror at the massive, terrifying, bloodthirsty beast while Burgerpants (who, of course, was gently cradling Alphys in his arms at the moment) did the same.

"Oh sweet dearie me, looks like it's time for my next big meal..." Little Miss Muffet laughed ominously, her voice echoing all the way across the general area as she threateningly raised her other six legs at her new soon-to-be victims (Sans, Burgerpants and Alphys, of course) and opened her mouth literally as wide as it could possibly go, revealing three massive rows of razor-sharp teeth as she hocked up several balls of webbing at the poor unfortunate souls, who somehow all managed to just BARELY sidestep out of the way in time before getting hit.

"Um...what happened here? Why is your mouth still wide open for literally no apparent reason whatsoever?" Sans asked the beast curiously, cocking a nonexistent eyebrow at her in profound confusion.

"I...um...well...I think I literally just broke my jaw from opening up my mouth too wide..." Little

Miss Muffet groaned and sighed as she just stood there defenselessly, her mouth ripe for the entry.

"Come on, guys, let's go in there and give this bitch a taste of her OWN medicine!" Alphys laughed sadistically as she and her fellow survivors jumped right into Little Miss Muffet's wide-open mouth and made their way straight into her stomach to lay the internal smackdown on her.

"OH, GOD, HELP ME, PLEASE! I DON'T WANNA DIE THIS WAY! NO, NOT LIKE THIS! GOD, WON'T SOMEBODY PLEASE JUST HELP ME?! HELP ME, MOMMY!" Little Miss Muffet cried and screamed in agony as Alphys and Burgerpants shredded large portions of her inner stomach walls into bloody, gory bits with their bare, razor-sharp claws while Sans traveled into her intestines and used his telekinetic powers to tie them up into a mangled, twisted, bleeding knot.

"Did somebody order HEART ATTACKS ON BUNS?!" Burgerpants laughed, reaching into his pants and magically pulling out infinite numbers of deep-fried Glamburgers, which he then tossed at a rate of at least two per second into the poor beast's plugged-up digestive system until her entire stomach was filled to the brim with them and our "heroes" were basically standing on top of them.

"OH, SWEET JESUS, HAVE MERCY...MY STOMACH IS LITERALLY KILLING ME FROM THE INSIDE AND MY CHEST IS SWELLING UP SO MUCH THAT I JUST MIGHT... I MIGHT-" Little Miss Muffet groveled miserably and shrieked in pain as her body rapidly inflated like an oversized, organic balloon until it finally exploded into innumerable bloody pieces, even getting several of them splattered onto one of the local cameramen's lenses!

"So, guys, what'd we learn today?" Sans asked Alphys and Burgerpants, patting both of them on the back as the combined three of them grabbed several of the beast's legs, clambered up onto the floating remains of her ribcage, and paddled their way over to the nearest deserted island for food and shelter.

"Well, I guess you COULD say we learned that Undertale is apparently supposed to be an even MORE ridiculously violent game than Mortal Kombat X and God Of War..." Alphys sighed as she stuck out her tongue and winced in disgust, trying desperately not to puke her guts out from the mere thought of what she and her friends had just done to Little Miss Muffet.

"Oh my god, that was SO much fun! Can we, like, do it again?!" Muffet laughed and cried ecstatically, waving her arms in the air and hopping up and down excitedly as Gerson went around the room and systematically removed everyone's helmets, one after the other.

"NO!" everyone else in the room yelled, glaring at her in strongly unified disapproval.

Chapter 2

AGS, CHAPTER 2

"Greetings, everyone!" Toriel greeted her new class as Alphys and company all filed into the room in the exact same formation as before (AUBTCFSPM) and took their seats.

"I am Toriel Dreemurr, your new English teacher for the year." Toriel explained, taking a remarkably polite bow of acceptance to the classroom and its incredibly high moral standards (yes, even taking the previous Muffet incident in History into account) as she reached under her desk, pulled out yet another gigantic box of VR helmets, and eagerly handed one to each of the classmates, who all no-less-than-immediately put them on without even saying another word.

"Wait, WHAT? Seriously? Not even a freaking THANK YOU? Lord SAVE me, kids are so goddamned ungrateful these days, what with their f#%ing technology and their f#%ing autism and their f\$&ing spoiled-brattishness just for the sake of f\$&ing spoiled-brattishness and their f%#ing comically overinflated egos and their complete and utter lack of perspective on how the real world outside of their stupid goddamned computers works...you know what, I think I should probably stop this train of thought right here before I end up saying something I'll regret." Toriel sighed, facepalming herself and sighing in thorough disappointment at the admittedly atrocious way that the modern-day society of the 2010s had turned out as her students were transported right into the Homestuck universe, a universe that they had previously never known anything about and would now more than likely end up wishing that they had never even discovered in the first place by the time they were done!

"whoa, dude, like, seriously, holy shit, where are we?" Sans gasped in amazement and shock as him and his cohorts found themselves stuck in only the most ridiculously over-the-top and downright chintzy of anime superhero outfits, standing atop a massive spaceship that was clearly headed straight for no less than the absolute center of the entire universe!

"Wherever the hell we're supposed to be going right now, I must admit that my outfit certainly does indeed look pretty freaking adorable..." Alphys, who for lack of better description was basically dressed like God-Tier Jade, snickered cutely through her nose while Sans involuntarily combed his spiky blonde hair, readjusted his 90s-era sunglasses, and sharpened his katana.

"WHAT IS EVEN THE POINT OF EXISTING IN THIS WORLD IF ALL WE'RE GOING TO DO IS FREAKING WAIT FOR RANDOM CRAP TO HAPPEN." Papyrus asked urgently, his words being all-capitalized for literally no apparent reason other than to make him loud and annoying.

"simple, you get to do all kinds of cool sh%# like this!" Sans laughed, producing several time clones of himself, sending them through the passage of time to grab him a whole bunch of hot dogs and then finally having them hand their combined total of nine hot dogs to everyone.

"HOnESTLY, TeMMIE sTILL doeSn't QUiTE UNDeRSTAND whAt's sO gREAT aBout POINtLESSLY, NEEdLESSLY tEARING aPart tHe ENTiRE SPaCE-TiME CONtinUUM itSelf fOR LITERALLY nO rEASON othEr THaN tO ARtiFiCiALLY exTEND The STOrYline, WHiCH iN aNd oF itSelf iS aLREADY iNcreDiBLy OvERcOMpliCatEd AnD SHaLLoW!" Temmie ranted angrily.

"Yeah, mayn, liek, I toadilly agreeind schtuff! Personalee, I'd much rathre be f#%&in' sum good ol' fashind whorses in mah staybul righta bout now, butt that's jest mee..." Catty, who was very clearly

incredibly drunk off of bad writing at the moment, burped and hiccuped dizzily as she absentmindedly reeled back and forth, stumbling all over the place in search of beer to drink.

"You 2ee, thiis riight here ii2 exactly what'2 wrong wiith modern-day 2ociiety. Can't you goddamned people ju2t get a fuckiing clue and realii2e how iincrediibly fuckiing dii2gu2tiing you 2ound when you fuckiing 2ay 2hiit liike that?!" Burgerpants ranted both angrily and profoundly disgustedly at Catty, slapping her across the face to knock her back into focus.

"Ugh, my aching HEAD...where WAS I?" Catty groaned, clutching her head dazedly.

"Well, two put iit rather bluntly, you were headed riight down an iincrediibly, profoundly 2liipery 2lope that, for lack of a better way to put iit, ba2iically led s2raiight two STD Ciity!" Burgerpants shook Catty by the shoulders and frantically explained to her, beginning to sound even more reminiscent of Vinny from Vinesauce than he already normally did in everyday conversations.

"ENOUGH ABOUT THAT. LET'S TALK ABOUT ME." Papyrus groaned irritatedly, jumping up and down and flapping his arms like a bird to try and get everyone's attention...and fail miserably.

"OH, DON'T WORRY, D34R13, 1'M SUR3 W3 W1LL...1N 4T L34ST 4N0TH3R THR33 HUNDR3D M1LL1ON FR34K1NG Y34RS, TH4T 1S! MW4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4!" Muffet rolled on the floor and laughed maniacally as the spaceship continued approaching its destination at about the same pace as a snail traveling up a hill of molasses in January...with crutches, no less.

"well, frisk, what do YOU have to say about our current predicament?" Sans asked Frisk, patting them on the back and eagerly leaning his head toward them to hear what they had to say on the matter.

"The Inner Machinations Of My Mind Are An Enigma" Frisk replied, shrugging their shoulders.

"umm...very well then, whatever floats your boat, i suppose, just know that you'll never be as f#%*ing cool as i am." Sans chuckled, patting Frisk on the back some more.

"ATTENTION, EVERYONE!" Undyne yelled, waving her hands in the air to get everyone's attention directed towards the real subject matter at hand. "I'm honestly not quite sure how, 8ut somehow, I think I actually just might secretly know for a fact what's really going on here!"

"OOH, IS THERE SPAGHETTI INVOLVED?" Papyrus crooned excitedly, clutching his cheeks.

"Well, unfortun8tely, no; it would appear that there is actually a far more pressing matter at hand at the moment." Undyne explained, pointing at the wormhole they were all heading towards. "A matter concerning the determin8tion 8ehind the continuing existence of the entire UNIVERSE itself as we know it!"

"So...does that mean that Homestuck is basically Undertale: The Webcomic?" Alphys asked curiously, stroking her chin and tapping her foot in rather peculiar and unexpected interest.

"ha, you wish!" Sans whispered in her ear and snickered snidely.

"Well, actually, no, it's technically more like the other way around, but anyway, here's the story behind what we're currently pointlessly standing around w8iting for as one of humanity's most deeply intelligence-insulting forms of length-padding!" Undyne explained, beckoning yet again for everyone to draw their attention directly to her. "And STOP making out in public!"

"But we're not even IN public..." Burgerpants and Catty groaned as the former pulled his pants back up and retied his belt while the latter gleefully licked his creamy white "milk" from her lips.

"ANYWAY..." Undyne groaned irritably, facepalming herself in shameful disbelief at what her eyes had just witnessed happening, "we're kind of at an impasse here, but here's why!"

"You see, long ago, we all had...ancestors, so to speak." Undyne explained, pulling up the holographic computer/television screen on the ship's rooftop and displaying numerous photos of said ancestors.

"So, basically, they were pretty much the exact same fucking character as us, except way fucking cooler as well as just generally being way better-written than we are by comparison?" Burgerpants asked inquisitively, stroking his chin and tapping his foot.

"Goddamnit, I always KNEW that we were really just a bunch of overrated, one-dimensional, stupid freaking archetypes all along!" Alphys groaned, double-facepalming herself and weeping in shame.

"YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY! THE MORE THE MERRIER!" Muffet cackled evilly, briefly putting on a stereotypically German monocle with one hand and sipping tea with the other five.

"Go F#%^ Yourself" Frisk replied angrily, glaring at her blankly.

"YOU DO KNOW THAT I COULD EASILY DO THAT TO LITERALLY TWO-THIRDS OF ALL OF US NUMBNUTS COMBINED ALL THAT THE SEXACT SAME TIME IF I REALLY WANTED TO, RIGHT?" Muffet pointed out sassily, wiggling her fingers teasingly at them.

"GUYS, FOR F#%^'S SAKE, PAY ATTENTION!" Undyne screamed in frustration, seething with rage as she reluctantly took several deep breaths and began her painstakingly long lecture.

"Alright, so as far as I can tell, it would seem that the entire universe was actually created in a quite literal game of cosmic billiards." Undyne explained, already facepalming herself and clutching her head in confusion from how incredibly stupid and nonsensical this was.

"are you literally f#%^ing sh#%^ing me right now?" Sans groaned, shaking his head.

"Sadly, no." Undyne shrugged and sighed, redirecting everyone's attention yet again to the incredibly convoluted, barely cohesive and quite frankly utterly ridiculous "plot" at hand.

"Basically, what happened was that the Big Bang itself was actually not a proper Big Bang in the first place, but rather the impact of the cue ball shattering the previously stable equilibrium of the pool-ball triangle formation into 8 variously-colored spherical pieces, known to us pathetically unintelligent mortals as planets." Undyne explained, already struggling to keep a straight face.

"GO ON!" Sans shrugged, already holding up a gun to his own mouth and trying not to fire it.

"So then the new lord of this brand-spanking-new universe, known as none other than Lord English (chuckle, snicker), who coincidentally enough was actually an anthropomorphic skeleton just like Sans and Papyrus, as well as the split-personality clone of Cantaloupe...er, I mean, Calliope, decided to be an asshole and take everything for himself." Undyne explained.

"SO BASICALLY, HE'S LITERALLY EVERYTHING I'M NOT!" Papyrus put his hands on his hips and laughed both snarkily AND sassily at the poor ridiculously overpowered Time Lord's expense.

"Apart from the comically oversized ego, yes." Undyne sighed, shrugging her shoulders.

"ooh, sick burn! she totally got you there, pal!" Sans laughed, nudging Papyrus on the shoulder and summoning an additional time clone of himself just so that he could also simultaneously nudge Papyrus on the other shoulder as well, solely for the sake of the added smugness effect.

"And then basically, the only other really important thing that happened was that this one super-sexy fish l8dy in particular, who was pretty much my not-so-distant evil cousin from another planet, took over the Earth as well as its world-famous 8etty Crocker snack company, and ensl8ved all of its denizens to a life of eternal sl8very." Undyne explained, hanging her head in shame at the very thought of being related to someone so utterly despicable.

"Shortly thereafter, Sans' ancestor Sass did, and I quote, a Fucking Acro8atic Pirouette onto the very tip-top of the White House on one of the world's douchiest sk8te8boards, with some of the a8solute douchiest hair and sunglasses you could possi8ly ask for as well...and then proceeded to hack and slash the living shite out of a bunch of juggalo clowns led by none other than Guy Fieri from Diners, Drive-Ins And Dives." Undyne explained, busting out into tears of hysterical laughter while literally everyone who was still listening to her did the exact same.

THREE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS OF INCESSANT NONSTOP TALKING (AND ONE RIDICULOUSLY ADORABLE SOUL-FUSION OF PAPYRUS AND ALPHYS) LATER...

"All right, here we go!" Undyne cheered everyone on as their ship finally went through the wormhole and reached...what appeared to be an alternate-universe version of New Home City?

"Oh, well, it'll do!" Alphpyrusprite^2, who was now an adorkable chibi catgirl dinosaur skeleton with big fluffy wings and dainty little claws, chuckled as the nine of them flew in with their magical flying abilities and readied themselves for the single most epically over-the-top battle of their entire lives.

GOD KNOWS HOW MANY FREAKING SIDE VILLAINS LATER...

"Alright, so...(huff, puff)...at long last, we've FINALLY defeated all TWELVE or whatever of your freaking retarded-ass anthropomorphic pool-8all-or-whatever-the-f%#^they're-supposed-to-8e cronies!" Undyne sputtered and wheezed, kneeling on the thickly flower-overgrown floor of Lord English's new throne room (which was formerly Asgore's, obviously) in exhaustion and coughing up blood.

"WHICH ONES ARE YOU TALKING A8OUT?" Lord English, ridiculous outfit and all, replied in an amazingly intimidating and booming voice that shook the entire castle with its astonishing grandeur.

"You know, the one that locks himself in a freaking oven for no apparent reason, and the multiple ones that constantly make a living out of f#%*ing around with the flow of time just to f%#& with people, and the one who's so goddamned 8ig and strong that he can literally PUNCH people into the next f \$%ing WEEK, and all of that incredi8ly convoluted 8ullsh%#?" Undyne groaned, struggling to suppress the utterly horrid memories she had of those twelve.

"UM, WHAT ABOUT THAT ONE GENERICALLY-NAMED SHADOW DUDE WITH AN ABSOLUTELY F%*\$ING RIDICULOUS NUMBER OF DIFFERENT INCARNATIONS?" Lord English asked Undyne inquisitively, stroking his chin and tapping his foot impatiently as always while the only two Jack Noirs remaining (the dark dog one and the light dog one) collided directly into each other at maximum velocity, swords and all, creating a paradox that caused them both to immediately vanish from existence with naught but one simple big explosion!

(If only things were that simple in the real series, am I right?)

"WELL, I SUPPOSE THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT..." Lord English sighed. "I PRESUME YOU ALSO TOOK CARE OF MY BELOVED EVIL FISH QUEEN AS WELL?"

"YUP! In fact, I've even got her head right here for you! Killed her fair-and-square in a girl-on-girl, spear-on-spear duel to the death myself 8ecause I'm just that much of a 8adass!" Undyne grinned smugly, holding out said evil fish queen's head in her hand in a proud display of both honor and badassery.

"WELL, IN THAT CASE...I'MA FIRING MY LASER, GRAAAAHHHH!" Lord English roared, firing a ridiculously massive laser beam from his mouth and completely eradicating Frisk, Temmie and Catty as everyone else luckily sidestepped out of the way just in time.

"you're going to freaking PAY for that, you dickhead!" Sans yelled angrily at him, pulling out his katana, summoning a myriad of time-clones from all different directions and brutally attacking him with all of them at the same time as he (Lord English) threw off his outer layer of clothing, revealing his outrageously ripped and muscular colossus of a body in all of its entirety as he viciously tore into his remaining attackers.

"sticks and stones may break my bones, but GAHHHH! oh my ever-loving JESUS, this hurts so bad!" Sans winced in pain as Lord English brutally clobbered him with his bare fists and feet before finally pulling out his ridiculously overpowered (just like him) golden machine gun and firing it directly at Muffet...only he had accidentally set it to BULLETS instead of LASER BEAM.

"I'M L1K3 4 FORC3 OF N4TUR3, 4R3N'T I?" Muffet giggled snidely as she painstakingly caught every last bullet of Lord English's massive onslaught in her webbing shield, basically re-enacting The Matrix as she then used the web's magical properties to shoot the bullets right back at Lord English!

"GAHHHH!" Lord English yelled angrily in pain as the bullets hit him right in the face, making him so angry that he outright lunged straight into Muffet and slammed her with both of his fists combined and with so much force that she was cartoonishly flattened into a pancake while Burgerpants charged directly at him and hit him with literally everything he had!

"Let'2 2ee, ii've got my golden 2patula, the kitchen 2iink, my fryiing pan, my pet turtle, my 2ledgehammer..." Burgerpants chuckled as he whacked Lord English upside the head with each thing in that exact same order, then backed away and readied his ultimate attack.

"BOMB2 AWAY, VEGAN MOTHERF%# ER!" Burgerpants laughed maniacally as he reached into his pants, pulled out a nearly-infinite number of exploding cheeseburgers, and rapidly threw every single one of them right into Lord English's face at machine-gun speed while Alphyrsprite^2 snuck up behind him and puckered her lips in preparation for the finishing blow.

"OH NO, YOU DON'T!" Undyne yelled, eager to take at least some of the credit for finishing Lord English off as she summoned spears from all directions and impaled him with them like a big, bony pincushion.

"Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels send thee to thy rest!" Alphyrsprite^2 giggled as she smooched Lord English right on the lips, embarrassing him so much that it actually caused him to petrify into stone and explode into something like a million pieces!

"ALHPYRUSPRITE^2 WINS. FLAWLESS VICTORY. FATALITY." Lord English announced dramatically from the afterlife as everyone regrouped back together and caught their breath.

"Oh, come on, at least give me SOME of the freaking credit!" Undyne yelled angrily at him.

"Oh, don't worry about it, there's always a next time for everything!" Alphyrusprite^2 giggled playfully as she flew in and lovingly smooched Undyne right on the lips, causing her to flinch backward in surprise as she herself also turned into stone and exploded in humiliation.

"well, guys...sigh...what did we learn this time, other than that being a time lord is actually a quite f%#^ing horrible experience that i quite frankly would not wish upon mostly anyone?" Sans asked Burgerpants and Alphyrusprite^2 since they were the only allies remaining.

"Um...I gue22 we learned that Home2tuck iis easiily wiithout a doubt the mo2t overrated comiic book 2eriie2 of all tiime?" Burgerpants shrugged and sighed dejectedly, hanging his head in shame at how big of a fan of the series he actually used to be, contrary to my recent claims.

"well, that too..." Sans sighed, sarcastically waving goodbye to all of his annoying time-clones as they left through one of his many, many time portals, never to ever be seen or heard from again.

"More importantly, however, we learned that sometimes, sacrificing a few measly little lives is well worth it if it ultimately means preserving the overall well-being of society as a whole!" Alphyrusprite^2 giggled as she playfully pawed at Sans and Burgerpants with her paws.

"WHY, CATTY, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE?!" Burgerpants collapsed onto his knees and broke down into a fit of sobbing while Sans crossed his arms and waited eagerly for him to stop.

"So, boys, how did you like Homestuck?" Toriel asked her students as she pulled off their helmets and returned them back to the real world again.

"YES, FINALLY, NON-HOMESTUCK GROUND! I COULD JUST KISS YOU AND LICK YOU RIGHT NOW!" all nine of them cried with joy as they bent over and began taking turns licking Toriel's feet while she just sat down on the ground and stared awkwardly at them in confusion.

"What is it about my wrinkly old soles that you suddenly find so attractive now?" Toriel sighed.

Chapter 3

CHAPTER 3

"Greetings, young beauties and gentlebeauties!" Mettaton greeted his lovely new audience of students as they all filed into the room and once again took their seats in literally the exact same layout as both of the previous times (AUBTCFSPM) while he immediately got out the box of VR helmets from under his desk. "I sure hope you're ready for yet another fabulous show, because I'm going to be your new math teacher for the year, starting today with Economics!"

"Um...excuse me?" Papyrus raised his hand and asked Mettaton curiously. "Your amazing fabulousness aside, what if we're honestly kind of...SICK of this constant VR thing?"

"Yeah, it's honestly making me feel a little dizzy...BLEEEAUUGH!" Alphys lightheadedly ran over to the trash can right next to Mettaton's desk and violently puked the full remaining contents of both her entire breakfast and her pre-breakfast snack combined into it.

"It's a stupid and colossally overrated fad that needs to die, just like me and you." Sans sighed, propping his arms straight up on his elbows and resting his head exhaustedly in his hands.

"tEM THiNKS iT'S cOOL, tHOUGH!" Temmie whined, hopping up and down irritably.

"At least it lets me experience my fetishes the way that they were always meant to be experienced...OHH, YESSS..." Muffet moaned in arousal at the mere thought of all of the amazingly immersive porn that she would be able to watch on this brilliant new device.

"Personally, as cats, we're offended!" Catty and Burgerpants growled angrily at her.

"I'm probably going to use it for first-person video games and that's about it, really." Frisk sighed, crossing their legs atop the table and falling asleep for lack of anything better to do.

"Honestly, I think it's nothing short of AMAZING!" Undyne interrupted loudly, standing up and posing dramatically as she began expressing her feelings through...interpretive dance? "It allows me to truly release my inner passion and perform all KINDS of borderline physics-defying feats of sheer strength like nothing the Underground has ever even SEEN before, and-"

"Wait, can't you already just do that sh## in real life anyway?" Alphys groaned and reminded her, rolling her eyes from how incredibly stupid and dense Undyne really could be at times.

"ENOUGH ABOUT YOU GUYS; LET'S TALK ABOUT ME!" Mettaton laughed, causing Alphys to roll her eyes yet again at Mettaton's sheer dickishness and egotism as he strapped all of the students (including her, of course) firmly into their VR helmets and snapped his fingers.

"Goodness gracious me, what better way to celebrate my incredible economic success than with an epic and amazing tribute to one of the greatest music videos of all time, followed yet another boring and generic celebrity douchebag show for the masses? OH GOSH, I'M SO EXCITED!" Mettaton giggled like a schoolgirl and twirled around in his revolving chair as he put on his own headset and joined the fun himself (because, as it turns out, he was actually the main star of this entire show, rendering everyone else pretty much pointless by comparison).

"Presidency With A Killer Robot!" the show was apparently called.

"Oi, you! Shut your mouth and look at my bod! LOADSAMONEY!" Mettaton EX yelled in a fit of

joy as the spotlight shone on his dramatically posing, douchey self while onlookers showered gallons of dollars onto him from all around, kicking off the intro to his ever-so-fabulous new show.

"This is a journey into money... LOADS of money..." Alphys sighed as she sat at her newly appointed secretary desk at the now-skyscraper MTT Resort, her eyes bloodshot and drooping as she exhaustedly filled out and signed god-knows-how-many papers and fanmail letters.

"My name, my name, my name is Donald Mettatrump!" Blonde Mettaton eagerly addressed himself to a massive audience of Americans at the entrance to the White House in Maryland.

"L-O-D-S OF E-M-O-N-E...WHaT dOES THAt SpELL? LOaDSaMONEY! pROBaBLy!" Temmie laughed as she pointed in order at all eleven of the big, sloppy letters she had just recently engraved onto the chalkboard of a local elementary-school classroom with her paws (yes, she literally turned her paws into chalk), blissfully unaware that she was quite easily the dumbest student in the entire school.

"Everyone has a fetish for my legs, apparently! Right lads, watch out for the leggies!" Mettaton laughed as he drove past a large mob of rabid, drooling fangirls with his legs hanging out of one side of the car while robot Napstablook's hung dejectedly out the other side.

"LOADSA', LOADSA', LOADSA'... MONEY, MONEY, MONEY! LOADSA', LOADSA', LOADSA'... MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!" Mettaton chanted as he finally built the Great Wall of America over the USA/Mexico border once and for all, slapping his face on it just to add insult to injury.

"Right, whip it out! Well, it's YOUR dick! WHIP IT OUT!" Mettaton chortled merrily as he teasingly removed his high-heels and showed off his gorgeous bare soles to the audience.

"We're loads of Metta, we're LOADS of meta! Good evening and welcome to Loads of Metta!" Mettaton sang as he walked his way up an incredibly fancy red carpet leading to the television screen and began knocking on it with his fist as if he were knocking on someone's door.

"D-D-Doing it with Alphys is my bread and butter! Me dick's night's free and me sack's a nutter!" Mettaton sang as he made out with his own anthropomorphic, underaged, fatass weeaboo lizard mother and passionately...INTEGRATED with her, so to speak, in the janitor's closet at the very same exact middle school that she was currently going to in real life.

"Loads Of Metta is a shout I utter, as I shoot my balls into the lizard lady's gutter!" Mettaton sang as he retracted his robo-dick from Alphys' puss-puss and proudly displayed the lovely dripping of semen from it in glorious, hyper-detailed slow-motion...on public television, no less.

"(Hahahaha) Asgore D! Alphys wants it!" Mettaton snickered as Alphys dreamed passionately and erotically in her sleep about Asgore cradling her in his arms and showering her with flowers.

"This is- This is an- This is- This is an in- This is- This is an- thi- This is an insult to our intelligence!" Alphys and Undyne yelled at Mettaton on the local breaking-news channel!

"SHUT YOUR MOUTH!" Mettaton yelled at them, dancing frivolously about with his tongue sticking out and both of his middle fingers stuck firmly straight up in the air while the two of them sneered at him and stuck their own middle fingers back at him in absolute disgust.

"Doctor, I'm gonna attend to this Mettaton...he's got way too much EGO!" Alphys explained to Gaster at the local hospital as she flipped Mettaton's head open and discovered that his entire brain had literally been replaced by a solid-gold CPU piggy bank loaded with jewels and money, which

she then proceeded to angrily yank out and smash right open with a sledgehammer.

"The ransom demand is 1 million dollars!" Asgore warned Mettaton as the latter held Toriel hostage and threatened to tickle her to death if Asgore didn't let him rape her to death.

"THAT'S NOTHING! I make more than that in a DAY!" Mettaton laughed, spitting onto the screen. "Probably why I've got more ego than Papyrus, Undyne, & Chara put together!"

(He's such a douche)

ALPHYS: Mettaton makes the world go around!

UNDYNE: Mettaton makes the world go around!

METTATON: Ego strokin' be makin' me hard!

PAPYRUS: Mettaton makes the world go around!

METTATON: Ego strokin' be makin' me hard!

BURGERPANTS: Mettaton makes the world go around!

"Are you ready? Yeah! Right! Let's go up my hotel!" Mettaton laughed as he set the floor level on the MTT Resort's resident elevator to 100 and traveled all the way up to the very top!

"Bosh, bosh, shoom, shoom, wallop, DOSH! Whip your cream, whip your kids!" Mettaton laughed and moaned with pleasure as Alphys tied him to a bondage table and whipped him.

"Mettaton is the greatest! Mettaton is the greatest!" the entire massive crowd of people of Mettaton's presidential election speech cheered, even though most of them were pelting him with tomatoes.

"These boys certainly know how a fangirl is made, and the sheer popularity of this game isn't helping!" Alphys addressed Mettaton and Napstablook in a national interview on the news.

"SHUT YOUR MOUTH!" Mettaton yelled at her for literally no good reason, provoking her to smack him across the face with her clipboard and leave several negative notes about him on it.

"So the final score is:

Clizton United: NIL!

Mettatrump United: LOADS!

Now that's a final score right there!" Mettaton laughed as he leapt off the diving board into a massive sea of pure money ala Duck Tales, while Alphys sat on the curb weeping dejectedly.

"Stroke up the ego, stroke up the ego!" Mettaton chanted as he lathered MTT-Brand gel into his hair and admired how beautiful his hairstyle looked in the mirror...with no one else looking.

"HEY! Check this out!" Undyne yelled to get Mettaton's attention as she juggled no less than three recently-made clones of Alphys as if they weighed practically nothing at all.

"Sorry mate, don't take checks!" Mettaton jeered as he moonwalked snidely out of the studio.

"Ahh, just LOADS of money!" Mettaton laughed as he rode an airplane over New York City and

just dumped bucket after massive bucket of money all over it as far as the eye could see.

"Sing a song of six pence, a pocket full of dosh! Debo debo, debo debo, bosh, bosh, bosh!" Mettaton and his nine new students chanted in unison atop the Empire State Building, with spotlights shining on them from all directions.

"Sing a song of six pence, a pocket full of dosh! Debo debo, debo debo, bosh, bosh, bosh!" Mettaton and his disciples continued chanting as they took a huge leap of faith from the building's at least 150-story-high roof and luckily landed in yet another massive tub of money!

With the ridiculously awesome intro sequence finally over with, the show immediately began with Mettaton addressing the people of America at the entrance to the White House.

"People of America, I have a very important question for you: don't you wish your girlfriend was HOT like me?" Mettaton laughed, causing the entire audience to groan and roll their eyes.

"Just so you know, MY girlfriend is actually HOTTER than you!" Undyne yelled at him.

"Well, don't you wish your girlfriend was a FREAK like me?" Mettaton teased the audience snidely, heel-turning and sticking his tongue out teasingly at each and every one of them.

"Eight-armed handjobs, anyone?!" Muffet cackled while everyone glared annoyedly at her.

"Mettaton, for the love of the Great Flying Spaghetti Monster, this has literally NOTHING to do with the freaking POINT that you're SUPPOSED to be ADDRESSING right now!" Papyrus yelled frustratedly at Mettaton, throwing a plate of spaghetti at him, which he leaned to the side and dodged with style.

"Ha, did you really think I was just gonna stand there and- D'OW!" Mettaton yelped in pain as one of Sans' slippers hit him right in the face, knocking him back into focus.

"Hm, I guess you could say he let that one SLIP OUT!" Sans shrugged, winked and chuckled while the entire audience uproariously laughed with him, still not getting to the point at hand.

"Alright, look, everybody: this country is in dire need of representation by someone as handsome and dashing as I, and if you were listening to literally anything I've been saying for the past five minutes, then you oughta know that I fit the bill PERFECTLY if nothing else!" Mettaton snickered, posing dramatically as a multitude of crickets chirped in the background.

"IN ORDER TO BE A SUCCESSFUL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE, YOU HAVE TO CREATE MEMES! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?! YESTERDAY, YOU SAID TOMORROW, SO JUST(!) DO IT!" Burgerpants yelled at Mettaton at the top of his lungs, posing like Shia LaBeouf.

"YEAH, MAKE ME AND BURGERPANTS THE NEW LOL-CATS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, FOR THAT MATTER!" Catty yelled in agreement at Mettaton as the robot stroked his hair and continued.

"Hmm, very well then..." Mettaton sighed, running his fingers through his hair. "Dear fellow Americans, we, as citizens of this wonderfully massive country where humans and monsters are now able to coexist in wonderful, peaceful harmony with other, are offended and suddenly feel the need to whine extensively about it on Tumblr because we have literally nothing better to do after how much society has clearly gone down the drain." Mettaton explained as he immediately got out his iPhone and shat out a massive Tumblr post about his new speech while everyone else irritatedly waited for him, placing their hands on their hips and tapping their feet.

"You know, he COULD have just posted it onto ME instead...probably would have been a lot faster!" Alphys, who was actually the other candidate for the current presidential election at the moment, muttered under her breath while Undyne struggled to hold back her anger.

TWO MINUTES LATER...

"Alright, look, everybody; there are quite a few extremely hostile countries out there that I clearly know absolutely nothing about apart from the bare-bones basics; naturally, of course, being about as spoiled, bratty and egotistical as one can get, I was very recently lent an admittedly small loan of one million dollars by Alphys." Mettaton explained.

"Now, now, call me a racist, bigoted asshole if you want, but personally, I think that the recent flood of Mexican labor workers in the Southern states is getting WAY out of hand!" Mettaton explained, pulling up a holographic map and zooming in on Texas as a prime example.

"OH MY GOD! WHO(!) THE HELL(!) CARES?" Undyne yelled at him, gritting her teeth.

"And if George W Bush's strategy of nuking all of the countries that have oil and ignoring all of the ones that don't more-or-less worked for HIM, then by God, I daresay it'll also work for ME too!" Mettaton chuckled while the entire audience shot up their middle fingers at him.

"iT DiDN'T eVeN fREAKING wORK FoR BUsh iN tHe FiRsT pLACe, yOU gODdAMNeD rEtARD!" Temmie yelled furiously at Mettaton, spitting out a huge hairball at him, which he luckily weaved out of the way of just in time with his lightning-fast mechanical reflexes.

"See? Even SHE knows!" Sans and Alphys yelled lividly at him, petting Temmie gently.

"Anyway, look: you know how China famously has the Great Wall Of China, and how Germany much more infamously had the Berlin Wall?" Mettaton asked.

"I don't like where this is going!" Burgerpants moved up into the front of the audience, lifted up his finger and warned Mettaton, beginning to break out into a cold sweat from how nervous he was.

"Well, my new plan for the USA/Mexico border is-"

"Stop." Burgerpants warned him.

"to build us our own very special MTT-brand-"

"Stop!" Burgerpants warned Mettaton more loudly, his eye twitching with suppressed rage.

"wall between the two countries to keep the skinheads out-"

"STOP!" Burgerpants yelled furiously at Mettaton as he leapt up the entrance stairway, put his hands on the robot's shoulders and shook him violently. "THIS NEEDS TO STOP NOW!"

"Don't you EVER tell ME how to live MY life, mister!" Mettaton snapped lividly at him, scooping him up into his arms and throwing him headfirst into Catty, where he landed right in her bosom.

"HELP ME...I CAN'T...BREATHE..." Burgerpants coughed and wheezed, gasping for air as his head was caught right in between his girlfriend's ever-so-plump and bulbous breasts!

"Aww, you want to sleep in there? Well, then, BE MY GUEST!" Catty giggled as she patted Burgerpants (whose face was already beginning to turn blue) on the back admiringly.

"And speaking of girls, I have a rather embarrassing confession to make here...I never really liked

them all that much, apart from a very select few." Mettaton sighed, blushing deeply in shame.

"Neither did I..." Papyrus reluctantly admitted, hanging his head in shame.

"HA! GAYYY!" Sans cupped his hands and yelled through them as the entire audience burst out laughing in response, mainly due to how incredibly obvious Mettaton's gayness always had been.

"Oh, and just so you know...in the very few cases when he's actually NOT gay, he's usually just a plain old horsef%#&ing pedophile." Alphys whispered into Undyne's ear.

"Hey, I'm a pegasister myself and I'm greatly offended by that!" Undyne hissed at her in annoyance.

"So am I..." Alphys sighed, rolling her eyes and struggling to erase the horrific memories of Mettaton's entire house formerly having been decorated with My Little Pony toys from her mind.

"Anyway, seeing as how I'm probably one of the gayest people you'll ever meet outside of Japan, I've decided that female presidential candidates, especially clearly underaged ones, are an absolute cancerous DISEASE that needs to be immediately purged from existence!" Mettaton laughed while Alphys and Undyne (especially the former) seethed with rage.

"Well then, how the hell do you explain the fact that I'm so freaking smart that I was literally able to skip all the way from seventh-grade into freaking COLLEGE, as WELL as bypass the usual no-underaged-presidents-allowed rule?" Alphys asked him inquisitively, her eyebrows furrowing sternly as she glared piercingly and angrily into Mettaton's eyes.

"Damn, if looks could kill, then I swear to God I would literally be-" Mettaton muttered under his breath, suddenly becoming halted in mid-sentence as his batteries ran out, sending him toppling to the ground.

"HA HA HA, you ran out of batteries from running your mouth so much!" Burgerpants pointed and laughed at the unaware Mettaton's expense while his bodyguards filled him with an emergency power supply.

"Anyway, as I was saying..." Mettaton sighed as he woke back up and resumed his functionality.

"Go on..." Catty slyly teased him, cupping her boobs in her hands and wiggling them at him.

"GAH...anyway, as I was saying before, we as Americans have EVERY right to live in a firmly enclosed bubble where no one, and I repeat, NO ONE who isn't part of our precious, world-renowned master race will EVER be allowed to properly, respectably interact with us or experience the same cloyingly pampered treatment that we get!" Mettaton laughed as the audience threw numerous tomatoes and "METTATON SUCKS DICK" signs at him.

"I may greedily hoard my money like a filthy Jew, and eat copious amounts of lard like a Mexican, and utterly despise vegetables like a typical American, and look like something out of homoerotic Japanese anime, and spice things up like an Indian, and-"

"JUST STOP IT!" Sans yelled at him, his left eye glowing bright blue with rage. "This is NOT okay, man! This is CANCER! This is SO much cancer that I can feel the tumors GROWING on my spine, and it's weighing down HEAVILY on me, and it's NOT okay! Can you help a nigga out and just STOP this?!"

"So, uhh, does that mean you're supposed to be African Ameri- GOD DAMN IT, I DIDN'T FREAKING MEAN IT LIKE THAT, GAHH!" Mettaton screamed in terror as the audience

"That, too..." Alphys sighed, facepalming herself in preparation for the following election.

OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS...

"MAKE AMERICA SKINNY AGAIN! ONE SLAP AT A TIME!" Mettaton laughed as his sponsors passed out an incredibly outdated infomercial product (Slap Chop) to his audience.

"Let's make Mettaton Pokémon GO to JAIL! No passing off Pokémon GO as a real game, no collecting \$200,000 in television/Youtube ad revenue, no screaming into microphones and pretending it's something meaningful rather than just mindless brain-dead entertainment, F%#^ING JAIL!" Alphys laughed maniacally, breaking an iPhone over her knee and burning a Nintendo banner with her torch-lighter in front of the entire wildly cheering audience.

"That was for f%#&ing taking down the Metroid 2 remake, ASSHOLES!" Alphys yelled at them.

"Let's take all of our hard-working immigrants AND PUSH THEM SOMEWHERE ELSE!" Mettaton yelled dramatically, gesturing symbolically with his hands while the entire crowd cheered loudly in applause of his wacky, goofy antics.

"I swear to God, if it brings us freedom and respect from other nations, then I will literally FUSE myself together with Mettaton and turn us into one great big horrifying eldritch abomination, JUST so that the two of us can FINALLY agree with other on what's RIGHT!" Alphys yelled valiantly, raising her fist in the air and slamming it on her microphone stand as the crowd went wild.

"That's NOT going to work at ALL, you know..." Sans, who was literally the only member of the audience that hadn't ran away screaming in horror yet, facepalmed himself and sighed.

"You wanna know what I have to say to all of these stupid poopy-headed terrorists?" Mettaton asked the crowd angrily, clutching his microphone stand tightly with suppressed rage.

"GO AHEAD AND ATTACK US, SEE IF I F%# ING CARE!" Mettaton rolled on the floor and laughed maniacally, literally pulling the exact same Iron Man 3 that George W Bush had.

THREE YEARS LATER...

"Well, NOW look what you've done!" Alphys roared, slapping Mettaton across the face so hard that it knocked several of his teeth out as the two of them reluctantly met up with each other on the post-apocalyptic, radioactive wreckage of the White House's entrance. "America is LITERALLY the real-life equivalent to Hell on Earth now. I really DO hope you're freaking happy!"

"Um...would you like some poisonous, highly radioactive Nuka Cola to cheer you up?" Mettaton asked as his real-life counterpart went around the room and removed everyone's helmets.

"GO. F%#\$\$. YOURSELF." the entire class told him in unison as they all returned back to reality.

"What, was it something I SAID?" Mettaton laughed nervously, fiddling with his hair as the entire class grumpily walked out of the room, glaring evilly at him in the process.

Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4

AFTER ALPHYS AND THE GANG HAD FINALLY FINISHED GOING OVER ALL OF THE CRAZY SH%# THAT THEY HAD JUST BEEN THROUGH AT LUNCH...

"Greetings...everyone...I'll be your new...cooking teacher...for the year...oh no..." Napstablook, who was now temporarily inhabiting his Mettaton-EX-like robot body, greeted the class miserably as he meekly, exhaustedly waved his hand at them and slowly got up out of his chair.

"Oh, for the love of f^#%, please don't tell me there's going to be even MORE of that f%#^ing VR s#& !" Alphys growled in frustration, gently banging her head against the desk and sobbing.

"Luckily...not...thank god..." Napstablook sighed as he went over to the cabinets and slowly but surely began getting out all of the required tools and ingredients for the cooking procedures.

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

"Okay...I'm done..." Napstablook moaned as he FINALLY finished setting up all of the equipment atop the table, reluctantly beckoning everyone to come over and begin throwing stuff together.

"YAY!" all of the students jumped for joy, leaping out of their seats and bolting right over to the kitchen tables in a fit of excitement! "FINALLY, SOMETHING THAT'S ACTUALLY REAL AND NOT VIRTUALLY SCRIPTED!"

"Alright, so...you'll be making a cake...you'll need...cups of butter...flour...sugar...frosting...icing...fish-shaped crackers...Nutella...wedding decorations...blah...blah...blah..." Napstablook began pointlessly rambling.

"Just so you guys know, he's never going to stop, okay?" Mettaton leaned in through the doorway and reminded the students as they all glared angrily at him in response.

"Well, in that case...let's make things INTERESTING! GWEHEHEHEHE!" Muffet cackled mischievously, rubbing her hands together evilly and licking her lips as she glanced over at Alphys.

"Oh, don't you freaking DARE!" Undyne warned her, brandishing her spear at her.

"gUYS! TeMMiE iS gETTING vERY HuNGRY!" Temmie whined and pouted miserably.

"What the f%#& is even my purpose in this story?" Frisk groaned, facepalming himself.

"To keep all of the other characters from feeling BONELY, I suppose?" Sans shrugged.

"Honestly, I've got nothing...well, aside from NYEH HEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus laughed for literally no apparent reason, patting both Frisk and Sans on the back and chuckling awkwardly.

"You know, speaking of BONELY..." Burgerpants leaned over and teased Catty, who then responded by immediately slapping him upside the face. "Ow, what was THAT for?"

"Nyeh heh heh..." Papyrus chuckled under his breath.

"Alright, now it's time for us to FINALLY get right down to business and make this cake the BEST cake that has EVER been made!" Papyrus laughed, holding his finger straight up in the air and

posing heroically while everyone around him just awkwardly stared at him.

"Alright, so, first we add the chocolate cake mix..." Alphys sighed, walking over to the pantry, pulling out the cake mix that literally everyone else in the classroom had somehow completely forgotten about, and pouring it into the large plastic bowl that Napstablook had just set on the table.

"And then we add the FLOUR..." Papyrus chuckled as he poured the flour on top of the cake mix while it was still in the bowl, having no idea whether or not that was actually the right order.

"And then we add the KETCHUP AND MUSTARD!" Burgerpants yelled spastically as he pulled out bottles of said condiments from the cabinets (one of each condiment for each hand, obviously) and poured copiously large amounts of each into the mix.

"Oh, and while we're at it, let's not forget the GUMMY WORMS!" Muffet cackled as she pulled out a large bag of blood-flavored gummy worms from her pockets and dumped it right in.

"And...the sugar...obviously..." Napstablook groaned as he slowly but surely poured in an extremely excessive amount of sugar to add that little extra pinch of flavor into the mix.

"Let's not forget the SHREDDED-UP UNDERTAIL FANART!" Undyne laughed maniacally, taking the remains of her insertion of several results from searching her future self up on Google Images into the local paper shredder, ripping them up viciously, and sprinkling them in without a second thought.

"oR ThE tEMMiE fLaKEs!" Temmie giggled as she playfully pulled out a whole bunch of Temmie Flakes (in other words, shredded bits of construction paper) and sprinkled them in frantically.

"Well, I suppose if we're going to add the ketchup and mustard, then we might as well add some RELISH while we're at it!" Sans snickered snidely as he grabbed a jar of relish out of the cabinets and excitedly shoveled the soggy green slime into the bowl with his hands.

"Now for the eggs..." Frisk sighed, rolling their eyes as they cracked them open and poured them in, unable to believe that this was seriously being added as the second-to-last ingredient.

"And last but not least, how's about some good old-fashioned chocolate-flavored POTATO chips?" Catty laughed as she took out a bag of...please tell me this is a typo...chocolate-flavored potato chips from the pantry and scooped some out into the bowl.

"And now for the coup-de-grace; exactly 1.5346281754893267-"

"GODDAMNIT, PAPYRUS, SHUT THE HELL UP!" Sans yelled at Papyrus, snatching the measuring cup out of his hands, filling it up to exactly two cups of water with the faucet, and pouring it into the bowl. "See? You SEE how much freaking easier that is?!"

"Now MIX IT!" Alphys screamed in Frisk's ear as she handed them an egg beater.

"Wow...how incredibly...messy..." Napstablook sighed as Frisk blankly stared at the disgusting, slimy and profoundly putrid mishmash of random food ingredients that was currently splattering all over their face while everyone else gawked in amazement at it.

"Gosh, what an utterly ASTONISHING work of culinary art! Why, I could just KISS it! EEE!" Papyrus squealed with joy, tossing in some finely aged, silken spaghetti noodles from his pocket just to add that certain special Papyrus charm to it as Napstablook inserted...whatever the hell this jumbled pile of slop was supposed to be...into the oven somewhat disgustedly.

"Oh, well...at least you...made SOMETHING...for Toriel's and Asgore's marriage..." Napstablook sighed, moping his way over to the bathroom and locking himself inside for crying purposes.

"Something for WHAT?!" all nine of the students screamed and put their hands over their mouths in terror. "Oh god, what are we going to do, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?!"

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE GYM...

"Okay, let's just forget about that absolute culinary disaster we threw together in cooking class, let's just have fun now!" Papyrus laughed as the very first basketball game of the year began.

The teams were arranged as follows:

The blue team, which was on the left side of the court, was comprised of Alphys, Sans, Papyrus, Frisk and Burgerpants.

The red team, which was on the right side, was comprised of Undyne, Catty, Muffet, Temmie and...Gaster?!

"Greetings, young apprentices; I have arrived." Gaster chuckled as the ball was served into the middle of the field; sure enough, Sans was the very first person to grab it!

"Brother, I'm right here! Pass it to me! PASS IT TO ME!" Papyrus yelled to get Sans' attention as the latter was surrounded on all sides by Muffet, Gaster and Temmie!

"OH NO, YOU DON'T!" Sans laughed as he used his telekinetic powers to hurl the ball straight to Papyrus...but alas, it was intercepted in midair by Undyne!

"HALT! Nothing, I repeat, NOTHING gets past the great PAPYRUS!" Papyrus laughed cockily as he tackled Undyne onto the ground and engaged in a bone-to-spear fight against her over the ball, ironically knocking said ball right out of their grip!

"HA! GOTCHA!" Alphys laughed as she caught the ball with her tail and spun around in a circle, hitting the surrounding Catty, Muffet and Temmie right in the face with it and sending them flying backwards from the impact as she scooped it up into her hands!

"wHO iS ThE mASTeR WHo MaKEs TeMMiE's GRaSS gREEn?" Temmie slurred dizzily, twirling around in a circle and collapsing unconsciously onto the floor as her eyes cartoonishly swirled around in circles. (Hint: Catty and Muffet pretty much did the exact same.)

"HA! Here comes the COOL CAT, sucka!" Burgerpants chuckled as he did a frontflip right over Alphys and somehow snatched the ball right out of her hands in mid-flip...only to then immediately get grabbed by the tail and slammed into the floor face-first BY Alphys!

"I...deserved that..." Burgerpants weakly held his finger up and grunted before passing out; meanwhile, Undyne had already managed to beat both Papyrus AND Frisk unconscious as she charged straight toward her beloved lizard girlfriend with all of her astonishing might!

"SO LONG, MY GAY WEEABOO FRIEND!" Undyne laughed as she grabbed Alphys by the tail, swung her around and around at the speed of sound, and hurled her straight into the nearest wall, where she then ended up bouncing off several walls with the ball held tightly in her outstretched arms before finally coming right back to Undyne and hitting her so hard that it sent her and Alphys herself flying all the way through the brick wall between the red-team goal on the right side of the court and into the corresponding locker room for said team!

"Alright, looks like it's about time we had ourselves a tiebreaker." Sans sighed as he pulled the ball out from the massive hole that Alphys and Undyne had just left in the wall while the two of them were scooped up onto a stretcher bed by Nice Cream Guy and Bratty and hauled off to the nurse's office.

"Birds are singing...flowers are blooming-"

"Oh, for God's sake, ENOUGH with that sh#%!" Gaster groaned, rolling his eyes. "Are we going to finally settle this surprisingly heated conflict amongst ourselves, or aren't we?"

Realizing that he stood absolutely no chance against someone as tall (and as powerful) as Gaster in a fair match of one-on-one basketball, Sans simply...surrendered?

"Go ahead and take the ball. Hell, you can even make yourself a slam dunk for all I care. Seriously, I give up, you win, alright? Just do it. Don't let your dreams be dreams, okay?" Sans snickered and winked snidely at his father as he dropped the ball nonchalantly onto the ground and stepped away from it.

"Ugh...FINE..." Gaster groaned as he reluctantly picked the ball up the floor, rapidly sprinted his way to the blue-team goal all the way over on the opposite side of the court and jumped as high as he could into the air in preparation for a backboard-shattering slam dunk, when suddenly...

"PSYCHE!" Sans snickered trollishly at Gaster, teleporting right up in front of him, kicking him right in the crotch and stealing his ball literally RIGHT at the exact moment when he was about to dunk it!

"GET DUNKED ON!" Sans laughed hysterically as he then teleported all the way back over to Gaster's side of the court while still in midair and used his telekinetic powers to dunk the ball right into the net so hard that it caused the entire glass backboard behind the hoop to shatter!

"You really ARE quite the douche at times, you know that?" Gaster groaned, patting Sans on the head while the fat little skeleton rolled on the floor laughing himself to tears at his own father's expense.

"I am, and I LOVE it!" Sans laughed as Gaster irritatedly walked out of the gym, telekinetically dragging Sans along behind him into the next-period classroom...his very own Biology lab!

Chapter 5

CHAPTER 5

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER EVERYONE HAD HEALED UP WITH FOOD ITEMS...

"Greetings, visitors, and welcome to my fabled Biology classroom, which of course is exactly where you'll be studying the subject of Biology this year!" Gaster greeted his new students.

"Could we perhaps learn a thing or two about exactly WHY it is that I'm not freaking DEAD right about now after what happened to me in the gym? Or those two, for that matter?" Burgerpants asked him inquisitively, pointing over at Alphys and Undyne, who were busy nursing each other's wounds.

"You...you'll have to see me after class about that one, as I'm afraid it might be something rather...on the INTERESTING side, so to speak!" Gaster chuckled reluctantly, patting Burgerpants on the head with one hand as he diligently examined his clipboard with the other.

"Ooh, do we perhaps...get to learn what BLOOD tastes like?" Muffet cackled, baring her unsettlingly sharp and poisonous fangs and hissing like a snake at the mere thought of it.

"Um...perhaps...maybe..." Gaster blushed, fiddling with his collar.

"Gaster, why do you...remind me so much of myself?" Alphys asked him curiously, readjusting her glasses and resuming her loving and caring licking of the very tender scars on Undyne's cheek.

"Do...do I really need to explain?" Gaster sighed and facepalmed while Undyne resumed her loving and caring licking of Alphys' sore, aching feet, causing Alphys to squeak and giggle adorably.

"Um...why do you have these weird, like, holes in your hands?" Undyne asked Gaster curiously, experimentally sticking her spear through one of them to see if said holes were actually real.

"I...I was just BORN this way, okay?!" Gaster raised his voice frustratedly at her, throwing his arms up in the air and then crossing them irritably in front of his chest. "Hmph...kids these days..."

"Um...like, where's Temmie and stuff?" Catty asked, pinching her cheeks and stretching them around in boredom while Burgerpants joined in the fun for pretty much the exact same reasons.

"Sigh...sadly, she ended up having to replace Toriel as the English teacher." Gaster groaned, faceplaming himself and shaking his head at the mere thought of Temmie teaching English.

"Um...WHY, exactly?" Frisk asked him urgently, beginning to look rather worried.

"Toriel is now going to be our new Biology volunteer for the day." Gaster explained.

"And for WHAT exactly, may I ask?" Sans asked somewhat overexcitedly, failing miserably to hide how much of a shameless crush he had secretly had on Toriel for only the longest time.

"Students, I hope you're ready for this..." Gaster sighed, reluctant to deliver the following news but knowing that he would ultimately have to. "You're going to be exploring her internal organs."

"OH MY GOD, YES, YES, YESSSSSS!" Muffet screamed at the top of her lungs, having a literal nerdgasm and collapsing out of her chair onto the floor.

"SO COOL! SO COOL! SO COOL! SO COOL! SO COOL! SO COOL! SO COOL! SO COOL!" Sans squeed both internally and externally, blushing his head off and clutching his cheeks as he trembled anxiously in his seat while everyone mostly just shot him weird-ass looks.

"Um...EWW?" Alphys pointed out to everyone, hoping that sanity was still a thing here as Gaster reluctantly strapped Toriel flat onto the lab's conspicuously bloody surgery table and propped it upright with a wink and a kiss, obviously as a wasted attempt at "comforting" her.

"You're...you're not going to make us enter through her BUTTHOLE, are you?" Undyne asked nervously, cringing in disgust at the mere thought of ending up having to do such a thing.

"I suppose it ultimately just depends on your preference." Gaster sighed as Toriel entered the room, trying not to think about what could end up happening to her. "So, tell me, students: which of the two main types of vore scene do you want this to ultimately be an excuse for?"

"M-mouth vore or anal vore?" Gaster stammered and gulped, shaking and sweating nervously while Toriel shot him a rather profoundly stern death glare and cracked her knuckles fiercely at him. Luckily, Muffet was literally the only one who raised her hand for the latter option.

"God DAMN it, Muffet, what the f%# is WRONG with you?!" the rest of the students yelled at her.

"Alright, everybody, strap these on!" Gaster instructed his no less than EIGHT students, pulling a whole bunch of nanosuits out from the storage closet and handing exactly one to each of them.

"They're borderline indestructible and they even allow you to levitate and fly around like Supermen, so you definitely won't have to worry too much about DYING in there!"

"Good luck, everyone!" Gaster sighed reluctantly as he pulled out a shrinking gun from his desk drawers, fired it at all eight of his students until they were practically microscopic, then levitated them into a conveniently placed glass of water on his desk and poured said glass into Toriel's mouth, washing the poor things straight down her throat and into her stomach, where they landed in her bubbling digestive pool with a series of loud and rather gross-sounding splashes (in addition to incredibly loud and overexcited utterances of the word "cannonball").

"So, what do you see in there?" Gaster asked his students inquisitively.

"Honestly, judging from what Papyrus is doing in here right now, I'd say that things are going rather quite SWIMMINGLY in here!" Sans chuckled while Toriel stuck her tongue out in disgust.

"ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BONES, GENTLY DOWN THE SEA! MERRY, MERRY, MERRY, MERRY, LIFE IS BUT A MEME!" Papyrus sang obnoxiously loudly as he graciously paddled and breaststroked his way over to a Brussels sprout that Toriel had "coincidentally" swallowed whole just a few minutes ago and volleyed it over to Sans, who then volleyed it right back to him, and so on, and so forth.

"EWW! BRUSSELS sprouts? SERIOUSLY? WHO THE HELL EATS THOSE?!" Alphys and Undyne laughed and winced in disgust at the sight of the incredibly round and bizarre-looking freak of a vegetable as all eight students formed together into an octagon formation and began playing an eight-way game of volleysprout in Toriel's stomach!

"Come on, guys, seriously, we JUST had gym class!" Gaster groaned as his students playfully splashed Toriel's lethally corrosive digestive acid all over each other, even going as far as to climb up the inner walls of her stomach and dive gracefully like beautiful white swans into it!

"Wow, I can already tell that these kids are REALLY f%#\$ed-up." Toriel sighed as the students worked their way up into her liver and marveled at the massive pool of boiling blood inside.

"Nah, they're just having REALLY f \$&ed-up fun together!" Gaster chuckled somewhat sarcastically, patting her on the head and making her quite unsettlingly aware of how much danger her central nervous system would most likely be in if and when things went horribly wrong.

"OHH, MY...tastes like the prettiest penny I've ever licked!" Muffet moaned with pleasure as she stuck a straw into Toriel's piping-hot liver blood and began drinking it while everyone else reluctantly did the same.

"So, basically, it just tastes like f%\$&ing COPPER? No thanks, pal!" Alphys laughed as she retracted her straw from the massive pool of blood while everyone else eagerly did the same...except for Muffet, who drank so much that she was actually starting to get fat!

"Why, Gaster? Why are you doing this to me?" Toriel stammered, trembling in fear as the students worked their way up to her lungs and marveled in childlike amazement at the vast network of treelike branches housed within them (which, of course, were ripe for the climbing).

"Oh, trust me, you'll see!" Gaster laughed, gently stroking her ears in a very teasing manner.

"Wow, I never realized being a monkey could be so much FUN!" Alphys laughed as she dangled precariously by her tail from one of the many, many rotten old branches of Toriel's trachea, causing her lab coat to collapse onto her shoulders and reveal her plump, round buttocks!

"I spy with my little eyes...one of Alphys' sweet, precious TAILHOLES!" Muffet climbed up behind her with her many spider limbs and teased her while everyone else was busy bouncing off of various webbing trampolines that Muffet had left in the branch gaps and laughing at Alphys' rather embarrassing case of accidental public indecent exposure in the process.

"Hey, Alphys! Just wanted to let you know that me and Papyrus can see your TITTIES from here!" Undyne snickered while Sans stared long and hard at Alphys' butt and suddenly had an idea!

"Come on, everybody, let's stink this joint UP!" Sans laughed as him and his seven fellow students all let out their disgustingly loud and stinky farts in unison, flooding Toriel's lungs and breathing passageways with noxious gas as they all laughed hysterically at her expense.

"God DAMN it, how did I KNOW that those lovable little scamps were going to do something like that?" Toriel sputtered, coughing and choking in a desperate struggle to regain her breath.

"Goodness gracious ME, Toriel, your breath smells absolutely ATROCIOUS!" Gaster cringed in disgust, waving his hand over his (seemingly) nonexistent nose and sticking his ecto-tongue out as the students proceeded onward into her currently rapidly-beating heart!

"Oh, dear, looks like she must be REAL nervous about something or other!" Catty gasped in surprise as she and her other seven classmates swam into Toriel's ventricles (with Muffet needing to be pulled through by Undyne due to how fat she had recently gotten) and gazed in wonderment at all of the incredibly complex vein/muscle systems within, as well as all of the pretty little disk-shaped red blood cells floating around in her extensive bloodstream.

"Wow, I can't believe this actually WORKS!" Burgerpants laughed as he grabbed one of said red blood cells and used it to play underwater Frisbee with Catty while Alphys used one of Toriel's more ball-shaped white blood cells to play underwater volleyball with Undyne!

"Frisk, I just want you to know right here, right now, how much I secretly love you." Papyrus

whispered into Frisk's ear, cradling them in his arms and stroking them gently with love.

"I hope it's not too much to ask, but may I please take off our helmets so that we can lovingly, romantically kiss each other inside of Toriel's lovingly romantic heart?" Papyrus politely asked Frisk, his "heart-to-heart" pun already starting to become insultingly, cloyingly obvious.

"NO, WAIT, PLEASE STOP, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, I'M GOING TO FREAKING DROWN- (glub, glub, glub)" Frisk screamed in terror, holding their breath tightly as Papyrus took off both of their helmets, leaned forward passionately, and kissed them right on the lips!

"Gee, THANKS for PUBLICLY embarrassing me with your mushy romance crap and almost causing me to DROWN in someone else's f#%&ing BLOOD!" Frisk sarcastically complimented him with a piercingly un-seductive glare, rolling their eyes and shrugging very irritably at him.

"Oh, why, THANK you!" Papyrus laughed, hugging Frisk yet again and squeezing them so tightly that they almost suffocated to death for literally the second damned time in a row.

"I...GREATLY...APPRECIATE...YOUR PATRONAGE..." Frisk gasped and wheezed as Papyrus hugged them so incredibly hard that it nearly crushed their ribcage and squeezed their lungs shut.

"OHH, THAT WAS SO DELICIOUS!" Muffet, who was now even fatter than before, moaned with delight, burping loudly as she put her helmet back on and licked her lips with culinary pleasure.

"Hmm...I wonder if this will still work even in the literal sense?" Sans wondered to himself as he activated his telekinetic powers (again, causing his left eye to glow brightly blue) and concentrated firmly on the singular focal point of Toriel's passionately beating heart, until...

"HOLY CRAP, MY HEART IS LITERALLY FLUTTERING IN MY CHEST RIGHT NOW!" Toriel screamed in dreadful surprise as Sans began literally shaking her heart around inside of the massive figurative box that was her ribcage, causing it to irregularly skip several beats.

"WHOOOOA!" Sans and his fellow classmates screamed with excitement as the rapid underwater motions caused them to literally bounce right off the walls of Toriel's heart!

"OOH! OH! OW! GAH!" Toriel winced in pain from the literal pitter-pattering feeling in her heart.

"Don't worry, my dear, it'll all be over shortly!" Gaster promised her, patting her on the head as the students flew all the way back up through her throat and entered her mouth.

"COOCHIE-COOCHIE COO!" Alphys and Burgerpants giggled as they both leapt straight up onto Toriel's fleshy, dangling uvula and began tickling it with their claws while Undyne stood atop her tongue and poked at the adorable little organic punching bag with her spear.

"Who's an itsy-bitsy spider NOW?" Muffet cackled as she crawled up onto the roof of Toriel's mouth (struggling to do so because of her sheer weight at the moment) and began tickling it savagely with her six itty-bitty little spider hands while Toriel began smiling uncontrollably.

"Tee hee..." Toriel giggled and snorted, trying to hold back her laughter while the other five students lifted up her tongue in a combined effort, dug their fingers into its underside and began scratching it furiously with their fingers until Toriel just couldn't take it anymore!

"BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Toriel broke out into a rampant fit of tearful laughter, conveniently opening her mouth up super-duper-wide so that the students could easily fly

out of it as Gaster gently lifted up her right earflap, granting them easy passage into her ear canal!

"Wow, this woman REALLY needs to clean out her ears!" Alphys hypocritically winced in disgust upon seeing the numerous gooey and hairy formations of bright yellow wax lining the inside of Toriel's ear as she and her fellow classmates quietly waded their way through her ear canal.

"You know, I have a rather EARY feeling that that's more than likely what's going to end up happening to US rather shortly here, especially if we aren't more QUIET in here!" Sans explained as he accidentally ran smack-dab into Toriel's eardrum, alerting her to their presence!

"Gaster, for the love of God, those kids just snuck inside my ear and are very clearly headed RIGHT for my freaking BRAIN as we speak! PLEASE GET THEM OUT RIGHT NOW, PLEASE!" Toriel desperately begged Gaster, who then proceeded to dig around in his desk drawers, locate a nice big box of Q-Tips and pull one out as he eagerly lifted Toriel's earflap back up.

"Watch and learn, Toriel; this is how you get all of that DISGUSTING built-up wax out of your accursed ears once and for all!" Gaster explained as he gently, carefully inserted the long and pointy swab deep into Toriel's ear...and then jamming it all the way in at full force, of course!

"HOLY SH#%, WATCH OUT!" Sans screamed in horror as he used his magic to temporarily phase both himself and all of his classmates out of existence for a few seconds as Gaster shoved the Q-Tip all the way in and "accidentally" poked a hole right through Toriel's eardrum!

"OH GOD, I'M SO SORRY, I SWEAR I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO THAT TO YOU, IT WAS ALL JUST A SILLY MISTAKE, I SWEAR!" Gaster pretended to panic while Toriel shrieked and whimpered in pain as the students proceeded right through the newly made hole into the extremely delicate and sensitive inner workings of her ear (yes, she WAS able to feel them in there, of course).

"Come on, Muffet, hurry the f%#& up before they catch us!" Undyne yelled at Muffet as she began tugging forcefully on her arms in an attempt to pull her through the hole that she was now stuck in due to suddenly becoming such a cantankerous lard-ass...when suddenly, Gaster thrust the Q-Tip all the way into Toriel's ear canal yet again, pushing the fat f% right through and sending both her and Undyne tumbling right into the entrance to Toriel's inner ear passageways, where they then followed their fellow colleagues right on through to her central nervous system!

"Why won't somebody please just come and end my life right now before this sh%# gets any worse...I wanna die really, REALLY badly right now..." Toriel whimpered and moaned in defenseless agony while Alphys and her cohorts scurried their way up onto her brain!

Chapter 6

CHAPTER 6

"So, on a scale of one to ten, how utterly terrified and helpless do you feel right now?" Gaster asked Toriel teasingly, briefly holding up the scale in his arms and displaying it to her.

Unable to speak from how incredibly horrified she was at the moment, Toriel merely laid there and whimpered in mental agony with her hands pointed about as far up as they were able to go.

"So, I take it that's at least a ten, right?" Gaster chuckled as Alphys and her accomplices finally clambered up onto the very top of her massive brain, marveling at the incredibly, almost inceptionally complex pattern of wrinkles that decorated its vast surface as well as the copious amount of bioelectric energy that was very clearly being generated from deep within it, creating a rather noticeable tingling sensation beneath their feet even with their thick rubber suits on.

More importantly, however, they also noticed how incredibly FILTHY it was, as in the whole thing was literally covered with dirt and grime from the sheer amount of pornography inside.

"Wow, and I thought I had an incredibly filthy mind!" Burgerpants chuckled, patting Catty on the back nervously and glancing back and forth while Catty glared evilly at him with her breasts.

"Guess you could say she's got an awful lot of SH%# on the brain right about now!" Sans snickered, giving Papyrus a high-five while the latter just rolled his eyes in utter annoyance.

"Well, if there's anything we might be able to learn from this incredibly disturbing and awkward situation, it's that you should always BRAINWASH your noodles before cooking them!" Papyrus chuckled proudly at his own incredibly lame and obvious joke as he pulled out a metric crapload of cleaning supplies from the theoretical hammerspace of his suit, including: three sponges, five mops, one ginormous bottle of bleach, and a nice big bucket of self-refilling water.

"NO, WAIT, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!" Alphys screamed in a fit of panic, lunging at Papyrus and clinging tightly onto his bony arm. "The dirtier the poor woman's mind is, the more easily accessible and wonderfully delicious PORN we'll have full access to once we get inside!"

"Which, by the way, is EXACTLY why we should CLEAN it up!" Papyrus growled disgustedly at Alphys, smacking her away as he slowly but surely began opening the gigantic bleach bottle.

"You know, I never thought I'd find the courage within me to say this out in public, but...YODEL-AYYYY-HOOOOOO!" Toriel suddenly yodeled very loudly for literally no apparent reason whatsoever, her eyes crossing in mismatched directions and her tongue hanging out of her mouth absentmindedly as Papyrus poured a metric crap-ton of bleach all over her brain.

"Wow, I actually very legitimately did NOT know that she could yodel!" Sans laughed heartily as he and his fellow colleagues grabbed the cleaning supplies (with Alphys, Burgerpants and Muffet grabbing the sponges while everyone else grabbed the mops) and got right to work.

"Good god, I feel as if there are literally a bunch of freaking ELECTRIC FIREANTS crawling all over my brain right now!" Toriel winced in pain as the brain-cleaning procedure commenced.

"Hmm...you know compared to the sheer internal anguish you're probably experiencing emotionally at the moment, that actually sounds perfectly acceptable!" Gaster laughed snidely as he grabbed Toriel's cheeks, stretched them around and booped her nose with his fingers.

A FEW BRIEF MINUTES OF INTENSE MOPPING AND SCRUBBING LATER...

"You SEE what happens, everybody? You SEE what happens when you pick the certified name brand over that freaking half-assed and generic store-brand crap? Why, of course, you get THIS! SPARKLY CLEAN, JUST LIKE HOW THE INCREDIBLY HYPERBOLIC COMMERCIALS PROMISED!" Papyrus laughed triumphantly, holding his mop straight up beside him as he stood heroically atop Toriel's brain while everyone else just wondered what the f%# he was doing.

"Alright, come on, guys, we're going in! No turning back NOW, am I right?!" Alphys laughed maniacally as she flipped open the entrance hatch to Toriel's brain and eagerly hopped right in!

"Well, I suppose it's not like I really have anything else to lose at this point besides my freaking dignity..." all seven of her colleagues thought miserably to themselves in unison as they followed her inside.

"OH, DEAR GOD, THEY'VE ACTUALLY MANAGED TO REACH THE INTERNAL PARTS OF MY BRAIN...THIS IS WITHOUT A DOUBT THE ABSOLUTE WORST IDEA FOR A BIOLOGY LESSON YOU'VE EVER HAD, AND I HATE TO LOVE YOU SO MUCH FOR IT..." Toriel moaned, whimpered and sobbed on Gaster's behalf, feeling immense amounts of internal pain both physically and mentally as the students made their way across her brain's ludicrously spacious control room.

"You know what? GOOD! We f%#&ing HOPE this hurts YOU as much as it hurts US to even be having to f%\$ ing DO sh%# like this in the FIRST goddamned place!" Alphys, Catty and Burgerpants laughed sadistically in unison as they trudged their way over the profoundly soft and delicate interior surface of Toriel's brain with their bare, incredibly sharp-clawed feet.

"OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!" Toriel repeatedly yelped in pain with each footstep as Alphys and company finally reached the very frontmost inner portion of her brain, in which an astonishingly massive central control supercomputer was firmly and rather cartoonishly embedded into the wall, just begging for Alphys to hack into it and wreak mass-scale havoc!

"Umm...Alphys, buddy, ARE YOU SURE you really know the full FLOPPY-eared extent of what you're EXECUTING here? Or the moral RAMifications of it, for that matter?" Sans laughed smugly at his own incredibly corny jokes while Alphys booted up her brain...only to be greeted by literally the only thing standing between her and her dream: the obligatory password screen!

"Hmm, let's see what we've got under here..." Alphys mused curiously to herself as she flipped over the supercomputer's built-in keyboard panel, revealing a myriad of buttons and levers of all shapes and sizes that would obviously end up coming in handy later on...and a microphone!

Setting the microphone to INTERNAL VOICE, Alphys communicated directly with Toriel.

"Toriel, for God's sake, what's your freaking password?" Alphys asked Toriel angrily.

"Oh, UH-UHH! ABSOLUTELY NOT! THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO WAY THAT I AM EVER GOING TO REVEAL SUCH A THING TO THE LIKES OF YOU! OVER MY COLD, DEAD, FREAKING BODY!" Toriel screamed internally at her, trembling so intensely with fear that she was literally shaking the entire surgery table as Alphys swallowed what little pride she had left and bit back.

"Hmm...you know, speaking of your cold, dead body...you do know what happens to people when their internal organs get shredded, mangled and torn apart from the inside with razor-sharp animal claws and teeth, correct?" Alphys horrifyingly teased her with a snide smirk.

"OH GOD, NO, OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD, I'M SO UTTERLY DEFENSELESS RIGHT NOW, WOULD SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME, I'LL TAKE LITERALLY ANYONE-"

"YUP, you got THAT right!" Alphys laughed downright evilly. "If you don't spill the beans about your stupid fricking password within the next TWENTY SECONDS, we are going to-"

"OKAY, OKAY, I GET THE IDEA! PLEASE DON'T EVER SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO ANYONE ELSE AGAIN! EVER! DO YOU FREAKING HEAR ME, YOU JERK?!" Toriel growled lividly at Alphys.

"TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX-"

"ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, IT'S BUTTERSCOTCH! THE F%#&ING PASSWORD IS BUTTERSCOTCH, OKAY?!" Toriel screamed and cried in defeat as Alphys typed in BUTTERSCOTCH on the keyboard, hit Enter and logged herself into a whole new world of opportunities (that is, if by possibilities you mean as in forms of rape, misogyny and torture).

"Oh, BOY, are you going to EPICALLY regret having given me that information, MA'AM!" Alphys snickered as she hacked her way into the backup Asgoriel porn files in Toriel's memory banks...only to find that since her brain was hooked up to the school's Wi-Fi network, the files were somehow blocked from student viewing despite not actually being on the Internet itself!

"GODDAMNIT! Even in the FUTURE, nothing works!" Alphys ranted angrily, slamming her fist on the keyboard and crossing her arms over her chest as she bitterly cursed the school under her breath.

"HA! Serves you right, you damned PERVERT!" Toriel laughed heartily at her.

"Ma'am, I'll have you know that you're going to freaking EAT those words, just like how you just recently ate US!" Alphys laughed snarkily as she hacked into Toriel's central command systems.

"Alphys, I'm pretty sure I already know VERY well what you're about to make me do, and I'll have you know that this level of depravity isn't even acceptable in PRIVATE settings, let alone even remotely appropriate for freaking SCHOOL!" Toriel yelled frustratedly at Alphys while the latter was busy flipping over the former's keyboard and loading up her central command prompt.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I MISS something somewhere along the lines? Pardon my asking, madam, but since when were YOU the one in CONTROL here?" Alphys teased Toriel trollishly as she took absolute total control over the poor goat woman's brain, turning her eyes into swirlies!

"You know, as much as I utterly DESPISE where this is going, I'm actually somewhat perversely excited to witness the results!" Gaster chuckled as he unstrapped Toriel from the surgery table and watched with delightful amusement as the goat lady stumbled to and fro while Alphys fiddled flippantly with her internal brain controls, smirking devilishly with delight in the process.

"Um...what exactly ARE you planning to make her do, again?" Undyne asked Alphys while Toriel exited out the doorway to the biology lab and clumsily, seemingly drunkenly walked and stumbled through the hallways.

"Oh, YOU'LL see..." Alphys cackled maliciously as Toriel made her way into the principal's office, grabbed Principal Asgore by the arm, and forcefully dragged him out into the hallway.

"Alphys, this is just UDDERLY wrong on so MINI levels that I don't even know where to START!" Sans chuckled awkwardly as Toriel threw Asgore into the janitor's closet like a sack of potatoes, then walked in herself, with Gaster slyly pulling out his keys and locking the door from

the other side.

"Honey, what...w-what are you DOING? No, stop, please, this isn't the time for this, I'M F%# ING BEGGING YOU TO STOP!" Asgore screamed in horror as Toriel stripped off her clothes, tossed them on the floor, and then finally proceeded to do the exact same with Asgore's, tackling him flat onto the floor and making only the sweetest of love to him.

"OOH...AHHHH...OHHHHH...OH, YEAHHH...OHHHHHH...YEAH, F%# ME LIKE A RENTED MULE, BOY...OH, LORD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT F% MOP...OHHHHHHHHH...OH, GOD, THIS HURTS ME SO DEEPLY ON SO MANY LEVELS, AND YET I JUST CAN'T HELP MYSELF...NEITHER CAN I, DARLING...OHHHH, DEEEAR, I'M MAKING SUCH A MESSSSSS...SO AM I, HONEY...SAY, WHERE ARE ALL THE CONDOMS...DON'T WORRY, HONEY, WE'RE NOT GOING TO NEED THEM FOR THIS...JUST RELAX AND LET YOUR CREATIVE JUICES FLOW...YEAH, LET THEM FLOHHH...OHHHHH...OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Asgore and Toriel could be heard moaning and screaming in pleasure as they intertwined their naked bodies together and rolled on the floor in a big fluffy ball of pure sex, while all eight of the students merely stood there in her brain, with their jaws dropped to the floor, their eyes widened as far as they could go, and their arms drooping downward in gawking disbelief.

"COVER YOUR EYES, PAPYRUS, FOR GOD'S SAKE, COVER YOUR EYES!" Sans screamed at the lovestrickenly drooling Papyrus, tackling him onto the ground and blindfolding him hastily.

"ALTHOUGH...YOU KNOW...IT IS REALLY FREAKING HOT..." Sans drooled and panted hornily.

"Um, SANS? What's that THING sticking out of your shorts right now?" Sans asked Papyrus curiously, pointing at his ecto-dick. "Is this supposed to be that so-called BONER you speak of or something?"

"PAPYRUS, FOR F%# 'S SAKE, HOW MANY GODDAMNED TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO TAKE OFF YOUR BLINDFOLD IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS?!" Sans screamed at him, forcing his blindfold back on as he began furiously masturbating to the Dreemurr's humiliating predicament while Gaster (disturbingly enough) also did the exact freaking same outside.

"Oh, you pathetic mortals would not BELIEVE how irredeemably ASHAMED of myself I am right now, but I just cannot glance away!" Gaster moaned as he excitedly spied on them through the peephole in the door, unknowingly surrounded by a multitude of security police officers.

"Um...I c-can explain!" Gaster quickly removed his hand from his pants, drummed his fingers together and stammered humiliatedly as the cops brandished their batons angrily at him.

"Boy, I sure hope OUR relationship doesn't end up like this!" Burgerpants playfully teased Catty, winking at her and nudging her with his elbow while she just covered her mouth and giggled embarrassedly.

"Oh, trust me, sweetie, it WILL!" Catty whispered into Burgerpants' ear as she leaned over to the side and lovingly smooched him on the cheek, causing him to turn pale and faint onto the ground. "D'aww, you're so fricking SWEET!" Catty pointed and laughed at him, picking up his unconscious body and cuddling it like a teddy bear as the absolute madness outside resumed.

"MY EYES HAVE WITNESSED THINGS THAT CAN NEVER BE UNSEEN." Frisk sighed.

"Sweet dearie me, if I had a LIMB for every time that goddamned mop handle's been shoved up Toriel's baby-hole and/or Asgore's butt so far, I would have no less than EIGHT...which I almost forgot I had in the first place because of how freaking fat I am!" Muffet laughed, patting her belly and burping up a multitude of disgusting bloody bubbles as Undyne walked over to Alphys.

"Alphys, what you're doing right now is absolutely f%# ing DEPLORABLE! This isn't the warrior's way, it's the freaking COWARD'S way!" Undyne yelled at Alphys, grabbing her by the collar of her lab coat and shaking her violently to try and knock some sense back into her.

"I know..." Alphys blushed and sighed embarrassedly, hanging her head (and tail) in shame.

"HUH?!" everyone in the general vicinity screamed in surprise as the cops busted down the door and ordered Gaster to teleport the intruders out of Toriel's body once and for all.

FIVE SECONDS LATER...

"Come on, guys, it's just about time for you all to go home!" the officers beckoned to Alphys' classmates, leading them all out of the room in single-file while Alphys just stood there in shame, with Asgore and Toriel glaring at her so angrily that it could practically melt ice.

"Oh, and as for you, Gaster, you're under arrest; PUT YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR AND FOLLOW ME QUIETLY!" one of the officers commanded Gaster, handcuffing him and leading him out while Alphys nervously struggled to come up with something suitable to say in apology.

"UM...N-NO HARD FEELINGS..." Alphys stammered in terror, her knees quivering like a bowl full of JELL-O as she backed up against the wall, closed her eyes and prayed desperately to God that she was just having a nightmare where she would later wake up and everything would all be okay.

"HURK!" Alphys choked as Toriel's husband grabbed her tightly by the neck and lifted her up into the air as her stubby little legs dangled and flailed about in a rampant fit of panic.

"I FIND YOUR LACK OF FETISHISTIC RESTRAINT DISTURBING." Asgore growled booming and menacingly at Alphys as he led her into his office and sat her down across from him at his desk.

"So, umm...w-why did you b-bring me here, m-mister D-Dreemurr?" Alphys stammered pathetically as the majestic king Asgore towered pants-sh%&ingly intimidatingly over her.

"You freaking KNOW why, you little...pardon my language...CUNT!" Asgore growled angrily at her, slamming the tips of his trident into his desk as he moved Alphys' seat over to the round table next to his desk and stood threateningly over her, seething with pent-up, animalistic rage.

"Alright, look, I just want you to know how sorry we are, t-that things got so F%\$#ED UP, so to speak, with us...a-and Mrs. Dreemurr, okay?" Alphys stammered, gesturing with her hands as she racked her brain for excuses. "I mean, seriously, we got into this thing with the best of intentions, and I never even once thought that it would actually be a good idea to go inside her head and-"

"CRACK!" Asgore's side window went as he forcefully slammed his fist right through it!

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I BREAK your concentration?" Asgore smugly teased her, stroking his beard with inquisitive delight. "Please, CONTINUE...you were saying something about...BEST intentions?"

Alphys had literally no response, and therefore just helplessly sat there, quivering with fear.

"Oh, you were FINISHED? Oh, well then, allow me to RETORT!" Asgore chuckled ominously, literally lowering himself to Alphys' level and staring deeply into her eyes as he delivered the next line.

"WHAT does Toriel Dreemurr...LOOK like?" Asgore asked her, still seething with pent-up anger.

"W-WHAT?" Alphys stammered, shaking in her seat with helpless fear and wetting herself.

"WHAT KINGDOM ARE YOU FROM?!" Asgore yelled furiously at Alphys, flipping the round table right over with both arms and forcefully tossing it behind him for dramatic effect as papers and writing utensils scattered all over the room.

"WHAT?" Alphys responded, biting her nails in terror.

"WHAT AIN'T NO KINGDOM I EVER HEARD OF! THEY SPEAK ENGLISH IN WHAT?!" Asgore yelled at her.

"WHAT?" Alphys responded, curling up into a ball and shaking in fear.

"ENGLISH, MOTHERF%# ER, DO YOU SPEAK IT?!" Asgore yelled even more angrily at her, grabbing one of the many, many scattered documents off of the floor and shoving it into her face.

"Y-YES!" Alphys stammered, doing the jazz hands in trepidation.

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?!" Asgore yelled at her in frustration, grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her violently in an attempt to try and get proper words out of her.

"YES..." Alphys sighed as her eyes cartoonishly, dizzily rolled around in her head.

"DESCRIBE what Toriel Dreemurr LOOKS like!" Asgore yelled at her, grinding his teeth and foaming at the mouth while Alphys helplessly squirmed and squeaked like a mouse in terror.

"W-WHAT?!" Alphys weakly stammered, unable to think of anything else to say.

"SAY WHAT AGAIN! SAY! WHAT! AGAIN! I DARE YOU, I DOUBLE-DARE YOU, MOTHERF%#&ER, SAY WHAT ONE MORE GODDAMNED TIME!" Asgore screamed at her in a fit of rage, grabbing his punishment paddle out of the closet and threatening to knock her teeth right out with it.

"S-she's white!" Alphys stammered, gesturing with her hands and breaking into a cold sweat.

"GO ON!" Asgore commanded her, gripping his paddle even tighter.

"She's FLUFFY AND ADORABLE! EEEEEEE!" Alphys awkwardly squeed, clutching her cheeks and blushing brightly as she wiggled and bounced in her seat while Asgore waited patiently for her to finish.

"Does she look like a FISH?" Asgore asked her angrily, eagerly awaiting her response.

"W-WHAT?!" Alphys stammered in confusion, then suddenly shrieked in pain as Mr. Dreemurr whacked her across the face with the paddle, so hard that it sent two of her front teeth flying out.

"DOES?! SHE?! LOOK?! LIKE?! A FISH?!" Asgore yelled aggravatedly at her, wiping the blood off his paddle.

"NOOO!" Alphys cried as she put her left hand over the corresponding cheek and whimpered in

pain.

"Then why are you making her f%#& her own personal love interest in public like a fish, Alphys?" Asgore asked her inquisitively, twirling his paddle in his hands.

"No...I DIDN'T..." Alphys whimpered, curling up into a ball and cowering in fear.

"Yes, you did! YES! YOU! DID, ALPHYS!" Asgore yelled at her, individually pointing at each of the three words he had written on the room's markerboard as he hammily yelled each one.

"You made her f%#\$ me in public, and Asgore Dreemurr don't like to be f#%^ed in public by ANYBODY, even if it IS consensual! ESPECIALLY when it relates to my DEEPLY private personal relationship with my own F&^\$ING WIFE, and the audience is a bunch of TWELVE-YEAR-OLD F%# ING KIDS who've taken to torturously f^\$%ing about in their own harmlessly sweet and innocent teacher's goddamned HEAD, no less!" Asgore ranted lividly at her, his blood pressure skyrocketing.

"Um...can we PLEASE just send me to the counselor and get this whole admittedly embarrassing charade over with? PLEASE?!" Alphys got down on her belly, grabbed his ankles and begged him, licking his feet in a shamelessly servile manner to try and butter him up.

"Sigh...have you ever read the Bible, Alphys?" Asgore asked Alphys disappointedly as he watched the incredibly pathetic display of unyielding subservience that the girl was projecting.

"Um...NO?" Alphys blushed embarrassedly as she immediately stuck Asgore's left big toe right back into her mouth and continued sucking on it like a dainty little lollipop, causing he himself to blush in shame at how much he was actually enjoying Alphys' disturbingly unrelenting service to his feet.

"Ezekiel 25:17?" Asgore asked her curiously as he pulled out a copy of the Holy Bible from his desk, flipped his way through the pages to the exact bookmarked passage that he was talking about, sat atop his massive principal's-desk chair and crossed his legs, scrunching his soles and wiggling his toes teasingly at Alphys as he promptly began reading straight from the book.

"The path of the righteous monster is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men." Asgore read dramatically while Alphys stared droolingly at his sweaty feet.

"Blessed is he who, in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his fandom's keeper and the finder of lost children." Asgore continued reading while Alphys climbed up on top of a stool and began massaging his soles.

"And I will STRIKE down upon thee with GREAT vengeance and FURIOUS anger, THOSE who attempt to POISON and DESTROY my fandom!" Asgore continued reading with rapidly growing anger while Alphys placed her dick in-between his wrinkled, calloused, ever-so-wonderfully-gorgeous-and-beautiful-and-masculine soles and gave herself a footjob fit for a queen.

"And you will KNOW my name is the LORD, when I lay my VENGEANCE upon thee!" Asgore yelled furiously, kicking the stool so that it toppled right over and sent Alphys crashing down onto the floor as he threw the book down onto the floor, grabbed his paddle and walked thunderingly toward her.

"No, no, no, no, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!" Alphys screamed in terror, crawling backward rapidly on all fours like a spider and backing up against the wall as the king lifted up his paddle and readied himself to lay the ultimate biblical smackdown on a quite frankly overrated bitch of a character!

Chapter 7

CHAPTER 7

ONE INCREDIBLY EXTENSIVE AND BRUTAL CHILD-BEATING LATER...

"AND STAY OUT!" Asgore yelled at Alphys, shaking his fist at her as he literally kicked her battered, bleeding, horribly disfigured body right out the front door and onto the pavement, where she bounced several times before finally (very painfully) tumbling and sliding to a stop, lifting herself up weakly onto her crutches and examining her heavily injured body.

"Man, if there was ever a physical state to accurately reflect how I feel about myself right now, it would most DEFINITELY be this..." Alphys moaned in agonizing pain as he readjusted her broken glasses, puked out the remaining bloody pieces of her teeth, stuck several tissues from her backpack into her crushed-in, bleeding nose with her one remaining non-prosthetic arm (the left one, of course, which was luckily her writing one), and reluctantly shambled her way over on her one non-bandaged leg to an elevator that led back to her lab down on the first floor of Hotland (since the school was at the top), her mummified torso aching excruciatingly with each step.

"PLEASE VERIFY THAT YOU ARE A CITIZEN OF THE UNDERGROUND." the elevator instructed her as she stared directly into its optical scanner with her one openable and non-black eye, sending her straight down back to where home was without any real trouble (thank God).

"HOME...SWEET...HOME!" Alphys grunted in pain as she finally reached the front door of her lab and went inside, heading right up the escalator to the second floor and entering her newly invented instant-revitalization chamber, instantly healing all of her injuries and leaving her just as hungry as before.

ONE CUP OF INSTANT NOODLES LATER...

"Hey there, Mom and Dad!" Alphys called her mother and father (who were both living in an exceptionally tall and dull-colored apartment building in New Home City, profoundly far away from her even though she was still technically a child) on her iPhone. "Just wanted to let you guys know that I...ahem...SUCCESSFULLY made it through my very first day of junior high! AREN'T YOU GUYS PROUD OF ME?" Alphys squeaked at them with irritatingly fake joy.

"Um...no, actually, we're REALLY not!" her father scolded her very disappointedly. "In fact, we just got a phone call from Asgore about something you did to his wife that was apparently so utterly disgusting and despicable that it even just recently made it onto nearly EVERY single news channel in the Underground! PLEASE tell me you're not going to EVER do ANYTHING like this again, PLEASE?!" Alphys' father got down on his knees and begged her, handing the phone over to Mom as he briefly took over her dinner-cooking role.

As it turns out, Alphys' parents were busy cooking a nice big turkey for a family-get-together PTA meeting (that Alphys was literally the only one not attending besides Undyne, who had left to check on her out of sheer love and care for her) in the dining area on the bottom floor of the building, with Papyrus serving as their loyal sauce-stirring assistant while Sans cracked jokes.

"Alphys, I just about literally could not possibly be any more absolutely ASHAMED of you even if I tried! And you seriously wonder WHY we kicked you out of our family in the first place?! It's PRECISELY because of atrocious tomfoolery like what you just did today! Alphys, you bring absolute, utterly disgraceful SHAME upon your family! SHAME! Now go to your pitiful little lab

and don't you dare EVER come back!" Alphys' mother yelled furiously at her, crushing her own cell phone in her hand with rage.

"Um...Mom? MOM?! GODDAMNIT, SHE FREAKING HUNG UP!" Alphys cried miserably into the phone, tossing it onto the floor in frustration as she curled up into a little ball on the floor and weeped gently into her elbows...when suddenly, a brand-new message showed up on her Gmail!

"OH GOD, IT'S FROM ASGORE!" Alphys gasped in terror as she opened up the letter and read it. "Dear pesky lizard, your recent actions have disgusted me so deeply that I am very seriously considering moving you into my school's behavioral management center (if not straight-up juvenile prison) for the next MONTH; if you don't want such a thing happening to you, then I would strongly advise giving your all in the science fair tomorrow, because if you don't make at least top three, then so help me, I WILL very gladly lock you up in BMC at the very LEAST. Don't you freaking DARE underestimate me, you wretched little SKANK! Sincerely, Asgore Dreemurr."

"Oh dear, I'd better get to work FAST! It's already, like, literally eight o'clock at NIGHT right now! I simply cannot BELIEVE how insanely quickly time has fled by today!" Alphys gasped in shock as she bolted over to her lab's elevator and took it straight down into the basement of her lab; the True Lab, if you will.

"Alright, here we go! If nothing else will cut it for first place, then I might as well try THIS, regardless of what the results could potentially end up being! A scientist's gotta do what a scientist's gotta do!" Alphys told herself panickedly yet also unusually confidently as she sprinted rapidly through the massive, almost labyrinthine hallways of the place, with numerous data log screens flashing themselves on mysteriously behind her as she made her way into the massive bedroom, where all of her very clearly deceased new test subjects were gathered!

"Alright, let's see here...we've got Final Froggit, Astigmatism, Whimsalot, Shyren, Moldbygg, Greatest Dog, Least Dog, Equal Dog, Obnoxious Dog, Doggy, Dogarissa, Dogalee, Snowdrake's mother...and last but not least, exactly sixteen Vegetoids. And they're all dead, of course, because apparently my day hasn't already been f#\$ed-up enough as is!" Alphys sighed dejectedly as she got out her newly made Determination injector and injected each of them with it.

"Now let's just hope this works..." Alphys sighed with relief as she patiently stood and waited.

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

"Hello there, Alphys! It's awfully good to see you again!" Snowdrake's mother laughed, attempting to wrap her wing around Alphys and hug her...but Alphys disapproved!

"EWW! For the love of God, you're literally a freaking reanimated rotten CORPSE! At least HUG me before you try sh#% like that, would you PLEASE?" Alphys ranted disgustedly at her.

"Oh, sorry...I, uh, wasn't aware...well, come on, little veggies, you guys need to be washed too, right? Well, COME ON, then!" Snowdrake's mother giggled as she and her many, many Vegetoid friends headed off to the shower, dripping bits of their bodily matter onto the floor in the process and leaving a rather conspicuously obvious liquid trail behind them on the way.

"Umm...is that considered NORMAL for them to do?" Alphys asked Shyren and Moldbygg while the dogs pounced all over each other, making a huge ruckus and barking up a storm in the process.

"Well, obviously for Snowdrake's mother, since Hotland is, well, HOT, but I'm honestly not quite so sure about those Vegetoids, who are already WAY creepy enough as is!" Shyren shivered.

"Yeah, they're personally pretty freaking high on my list of people I wouldn't wanna go anywhere NEAR!" Moldbygg chuckled as Shyren teasingly hugged it. "NO! GET OFF!"

"Wait a minute...Alphys? WHAT IN THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO US RIGHT NOW?!"

Shyren and Moldbygg screamed in horror as their bodies began melting together and fusing into one combined eldritch mass (or should I say, MESS) on the floor while the dogs did the same.

"BARF? ARW? YOOF? WARF? FOOB? KRAB? FOOW? FRA?" the dogs barked and yipped loudly in agonizing pain and discomfort as they all combined together into one big f%#&ing dog 9000.

"Goodnight, sweet prince, and flights of angels send thee to thy rest!" Final Froggit, Astigmatism and Whimsalot chanted in optimistic despair as they all rather less-than-honorably allied together into one big unit while Alphys gulped and trembled in fear.

"Umm...ehehe...so, uh...does this mean I'm not winning the science fair tomorrow or WHAT IN THE UNHOLY F%#&?!" Alphys stammered and laughed dementedly as the midway-amalgamated-together remains of (Snowdrake's mother and sixteen Vegetoids, Final Froggit and Whimsalot and Astigmatism, Shyren and Moldbygg, god-knows-how-many dogs) surrounded her!

TWO MINUTES LATER...

"Please don't eat me, PLEASE DON'T EAT ME, PLEASE DON'T F%#^ING EAT ME!" Alphys screamed in horror as she curled up into fetal position, trembled on the floor and sucked her thumb hopelessly while the Amalgamates edged closer to her...and closer...and closer...and-

"Hey, LEAVE HER ALONE, YOU F%#&ING...OH! OH, DEAR GOD!" Undyne gasped, covering her mouth with her hands in horror as the Amalgamates turned around and faced her, revealing just how utterly abominable and hideous Alphys' recent experiment actually really HAD made them!

"Umm...HI there, hideous freaks of nature!" Undyne stammered, almost sh%&ing her pants as she saw the utterly horrific results of Alphys' experiments in all of their incomprehensible glory.

For starters, we had Snowy, which was basically Snowdrake's mother only with her crest having mutated into a living stick-figure body, with the hungry mouths of two equally creepy-looking Vegetoids replacing her eyes; just to put the icing on the cake, half of her entire body was literally threatening to melt itself right off of the other side at just about any second.

And then there was Endogeny, which was...a rather intimidatingly massive white dog with who-knows-how-many slimy, freakishly long tentacle-legs as well as an enormous, gaping, slime-oozing hole where its face should have been. Disturbingly enough, it was still pretty cute.

And then, of course, there was also Lemon Bread, which was...well, if its name was any indication, Lemon Bread was the slug-like body of Shyren's sister, only with an unnervingly gigantic mouth possessing slimy, black, moldy teeth, as well as piercing angry eyes that looked more than suspiciously similar to the end part of Aaron's tail. Not to mention...ahem...LEMON BREASTS.

Not to mention Memoryhead, which was...well, judging by its appearance, it was pretty much just a bunch of human skulls melted together, with freaking tentacles coming out of its many-eyed face for good measure. No one really knew exactly how this bizarre, unknown thing formed or why, but what Alphys did know was that it was incredibly ugly and probably had something to do with Gaster and his many, many scattered spiritual fragments of himself.

And of course, how could we forget the eight-foot-tall Reaper Bird, who was an Astigmatism's sideways head floating on top of a terrifyingly long detachable neck, with deformed pieces of Final Froggits for wings, as well what seemed to be an unusually long and stretchy pair of Whimsalot legs. To provide perspective on just how freaking tall it was, it could easily slam-dunk a basketball hoop literally ten solid feet off the ground without even jumping an inch.

"Um, I'm just going to turn around and LEAVE now, thank you very-"

"Oh, YOU'RE not going ANYWHERE!" Memoryhead laughed as he grabbed Undyne with his tentacles and threw her right on top of poor, poor little Alphys while him and all four of his AT LEAST equally creepy and disturbing eldritch-abomination friends licked her lips.

"Now you and your psychotic little bitch of a girlfriend can die TOGETHER!" Lemon Bread laughed, flagellating (in other words, whipping) Undyne and Alphys violently with her teeth.

"What's...the matter...are you scared...or something?" Snowy asked Undyne curiously as the melting half of her body leaned right into Undyne and began biting her head aggressively.

"Won't you come and PLAY with us?" Memoryhead cackled grimly as he disabled both Alphys' and Undyne's cell phones by unexplained radio-jamming means, reached out with his tentacles and began maliciously stripping off the defenseless and very underaged Undyne's clothing.

"WHAT ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF?!" Reaper Bird laughed maniacally as he stretched his legs to an astonishing length of no less than four feet, extending out his dripping penis to match.

"AWOOOOOOOOOO..." Endogeny howled with excitement, his mouth dripping and oozing with what could only be described as protoplasmic white goo as he pulled off Alphys' clothes with his legs...which, just between you and me, were more than likely penises in very thin disguise.

"WELCOME, UNDYNE...WELCOME TO MY VERY SPECIAL HELL..." Alphys shivered and cried in terror as she and her beloved, equally naked fish girlfriend huddled together and screamed for their mommies as the Amalgamates piled on top of them and raped them long and hard into the night.

Chapter 8

CHAPTER 8 (FINAL CHAPTER)

THE NEXT MORNING, IN ALPHYS' LAB...

"Alright, you freaking horny little bastards, LET'S GO!" Alphys laughed maniacally as her pants-sh%#&ingly horrifying new eldritch-abomination pets melted themselves into compact liquid form and each squeezed into one of Alphys' conveniently-small-and-portable tube bottles, which she then immediately shoved into her interdimensional pockets and bolted off to school!

"Hey, don't forget ME!" Undyne yelled at her, following her out the front door of the lab and into the conveniently placed elevator that Alphys was now planning to take right up to school every morning!

"Alphys, are you really SURE that releasing the literal spawn of Giygas and Satan mixed together into the general public is a good idea? ESPECIALLY after what they did to us last night?!" Undyne stammered in terror, grabbing Alphys by the shoulders and shaking her frantically as the two of them stood reluctantly together in the elevator.

"I HAVE NO IDEA!" Alphys laughed maniacally as the elevator finally reached its destination on the top floor of Hotland, prompting her to immediately take off running at full speed while Undyne grabbed onto her tail and was forcefully dragged along by various combined inertial forces.

"OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW! OW!" Undyne yelled repeatedly in discomfort as her body violently clattered against the ground on the way to Alphys' destination...the school, of course!

A FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE SCIENCE FAIR IN THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM...

"Greetings, ladies and gentlemonsters, and welcome to this year's annual Science Fair at MTT Middle School!" Asgore politely greeted the audience, waving at them awkwardly and sweating a little while the contestants patiently waited behind the curtains of the massive stage.

"Alright, so, first up, we have Muffet's...experiment...uhh, Muffet, I have something very important to ask you, and I'm going to need you to listen here, alright? What in the name of Jesus Christ himself is THAT supposed to be?" Asgore asked confusedly as Muffet (who was now skinny again, one slap at a time) walked out onto the stage and presented a rather frighteningly big jar of sickly blood-red fecal sludge to the audience, cackling with delight.

"I call it my Jar Of Bloody Diarrhea! If you've ever found yourself looking for something DELICIOUS to feed to some of your more horrifyingly disgusting and gross pets, then look no further than HERE, folks!" Muffet giggled, winking at the audience with no less than a combined three total of her eyes and waving her hand in front of her face as if someone had just farted.

After a long stare-off between her and Asgore, Muffet meekly responded with "Umm...well...I guess it could also be used as, like, some kind of fertilizer or something like that...ehehe..."

Needless to say, Muffet was unceremoniously thrown right out the back door and pelted with her own jar (which then shattered on top of her, splattering her with her own bloody refuse) by Asgore.

"And now for our next two contestants, THE SKELETON BROTHERS!" Asgore cheered as Sans and Papyrus walked out onto the stage, with god-knows-how-many rabid fangirls rooting for them in the audience as they wheeled out an oven with what looked to be an extremely lame and generic

baking-soda volcano (that was curiously situated in a small metal pot on top of the front-left burner of the oven, with the cooking temperature set to MAX) onto the stage.

"Oh, go ahead, let me take a WILD fricking guess what THIS one is..." Asgore groaned, rolling his eyes and facepalming himself from a combination of Sans' laziness and Papyrus' naivety.

"Trust me, this isn't what it looks like!" Sans explained, grabbing a conveniently placed bottle of olive oil right off of the table while Papyrus grabbed a conveniently placed box of wet linguine.

"Although this might at first appear to be nothing more than your average everyday baking-soda volcano, FEAR NOT, for I, the GREAT Papyrus, have added an astonishingly unexpected and totally-not-predictable TWIST to it, if I do say so myself! NYEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus laughed arrogantly as he poured the wet linguine into the volcano and grabbed a nice big jar of classic-style spaghetti sauce while Sans poured in half the entire bottle's worth of olive oil.

"Although it may look relatively dormant and harmless at first glance, this volcano is anything but! In fact, if and when you do end up adding the sauce into it, with the powers combined, it becomes CAPTAIN VOLCANO! GOOD GOD, PAPYRUS, TURN THE OVEN OFF NOW!" Sans screamed and howled with laughter (and pain) as Papyrus poured the sauce into the volcano, causing it to violently erupt massive noodly flumes of boiling-hot red liquid all over both of them!

"So basically, it's just another stupid volcano except with spaghetti instead of baking soda?" Asgore groaned, rolling his eyes and facepalming himself in utter disappointment.

"TEN OUT OF TEN! BEST FREAKING EXPERIMENT EVER!" Asgore laughed maniacally as something deep in his brain went off and (for whatever reason) apparently told him that taking one of THE most dull, generic and boring science projects in existence and slightly modifying it to make it even stupider was somehow one of the most amazing goddamned things ever.

MEANWHILE, DEEP INSIDE ASGORE'S BRAIN...

"WHAT? I can't have a LITTLE fun every once in a while too?" Gaster chuckled as he fiddled around with Asgore's behavioral control systems, unbeknownst to both Asgore himself and the audience.

"And now for what is probably one of the only things that could ever even HOPE to outclass such an astonishing masterpiece...ladies and gentleman, give it up for ALPHYS AND THE AMALGAMATES!" Asgore cheered as Alphys walked out nervously onto the stage, reached into her pockets and pulled out her tube-bottles, systematically dumping each one onto the floor.

"How does it feel to know that Gaster isn't even the only one of himself out there, MY CHILD?!" Memoryhead laughed trollishly as he stripped Frisk naked with his tentacles and publicly raped him.

"ARF! ARF! AWOOOOF!" Endogeny barked as he lovingly curled his massive, bloated, androgynous, twenty-four-legged body around Temmie and snuggled adorably with her.

"MMM...SO...YUMMY...FEED...ME MORE..." Snowy moaned with delight as Burgerpants magically threw god-knows-how-many mass-produced cheeseburgers into her mouth(s), somehow causing absolutely no sign or occurrence of any weight gain whatsoever.

"You are what you EAT, am I RIGHT?!" Lemon Bread chuckled as she painfully chewed on Catty with her slimy, moldy, gooey teeth, then passed the poor cat into her stomach, raped her with a myriad of digestive tentacles, and finally shat her out (coated in black slime) onto the floor.

"OHH, man, TALK about TALL tales!" Reaper Bird chortled incessantly (and probably somewhat incestually as well) as he wrapped Undyne up in his loving wings, extended himself WAY up into the air, and then proceeded to violently shove his bendable, infinitely stretchable erection into Undyne's buttocks, all the way through her digestive system, out her mouth, through her cleavage, and then finally into her vagina (which, of course, had barely even developed yet).

"Aren't they just BEAUTIFUL?!" Alphys laughed maniacally as the entire audience ran away screaming while Asgore hid behind the curtains and trembled in terror, pissing himself with fear and dialing 911 in hopes that maybe, just maybe, the police could somehow save him.

(Needless to say, Alphys won the first-place ribbon, but definitely not for the right reasons.)

"I won...I WON...I F%#&ING WON! AHAHAHAHAHA! HAHHAHAHAHA! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...HA...HAAAAAAAAAAH!" Alphys rolled on the floor laughing and crying hysterically like the absolute maniac that she pretty much was at that point, then finally collapsed face-down onto the floor and miserably sobbed herself to sleep as a whole multitude of police officers surrounded her from all directions and handcuffed her.

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER IN NEW HOME WHERE ASGORE AND HIS DEARLY LOVING WIFE TORIEL LIVED, AFTER ALL OF THE AMALGAMATES HAD BEEN RETURNED BACK TO THE TRUE LAB FROM WHENCE THEY CAME, AND ALPHYS HAD BEEN SENT TO JAIL...

"Oh dear lord, I can't believe that the writer actually somehow forgot to mention that you've been PREGNANT all this time!" Asgore gasped in amazement and surprise as he looked underneath the bedsheets of the king-and-queen-sized bed that the two of them were laying on together in the master bedroom and saw the conspicuously sizable bulge in Toriel's chest!

(Luckily, the pregnancy cycle for monsters was WAY faster than that of humans.)

ABOUT A MONTH LATER, AT THE NEW HOME CITY HOSPITAL...

"Come on, honey, push, push, PUSH!" Asgore eagerly encouraged and motivated Toriel as the poor woman laid atop her patient bed and tried and tried with all of her might to push out her new baby while several doctors and nurses politely supervised and assisted her.

"AHH...FINALLY!" Toriel sighed with relief, blushing a little as her adorably small and fluffy new lop-eared bunny-rabbit of a baby finally popped out from her va-jay-jay and cried so cutely that it just about literally (but not quite) made the assistant nurses' and doctors' hearts melt.

"Aww, it's so cute, what gender is it?" Asgore asked one of the assistant nurses as Toriel wrapped her newborn baby up in a warm and tender blanket and cuddled it lovingly in her arms.

"IT'S A BOY!" the nurse informed Asgore and Toriel as the two of them both squealed with absolute delight at how soft and huggable their new child was as he wailed "GOATMAMA! GOATMAMA!" and nibbled intensely on Toriel's finger with his chubby little kitten mouth.

"So, uhh...what do you think we should call it?" Asgore asked Toriel while Alphys, who had just recently been released from prison as her eternal reward for causing such an unbelievably adorable little cupcake (not to mention the next official member of the royal Dreemurr bloodline) to become born into existence, nonchalantly walked into the room as if nothing ever happened, immediately squealing at the top of her lungs and nosebleeding from how ridiculously cute the baby was.

"ASRIEL! Just like what we used to call our relationship with each other back in our high-school

years!" Toriel giggled and blushed as she lifted her heart-rendingly cuddly and huggable little cotton ball, I mean, baby, into the air and lovingly kissed it right on the bottom!

"Ain't I a STINKER?" Alphys teased Asgore as she leapt up into his arms, curled herself up into an adorable little ball just like the one that Toriel's new baby was curled up into (and squeaking happily like a little newborn bunny, of course, because why?) and smooched him on the cheek.

"Well, I guess THAT'S ALL FOLKS!" Alphys, Asgore, Toriel and Asriel laughed, waving merrily at the audience as the screen was reduced into a single circular window showing Alphys winking sassily at the audience, then finally, at long last, faded to black! THE END...?

(screen reopening)

"Heh, I sure do wonder what ALPHYS' and UNDYNE'S babies will end up looking like!" Asgore playfully teased Alphys, causing her to suddenly freeze dead in her tracks with quite possibly THE most terrified look of her entire life in her eyes as she suddenly began vibrating intensely with fear!

"GWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Alphys shrieked at the top of her lungs in terror as she bolted right out the front door of the hospital, ran out into the street and got hit by a truck. THE END.

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